

VOGUE



Continental
Edition

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

Late June
Prix 2 Francs



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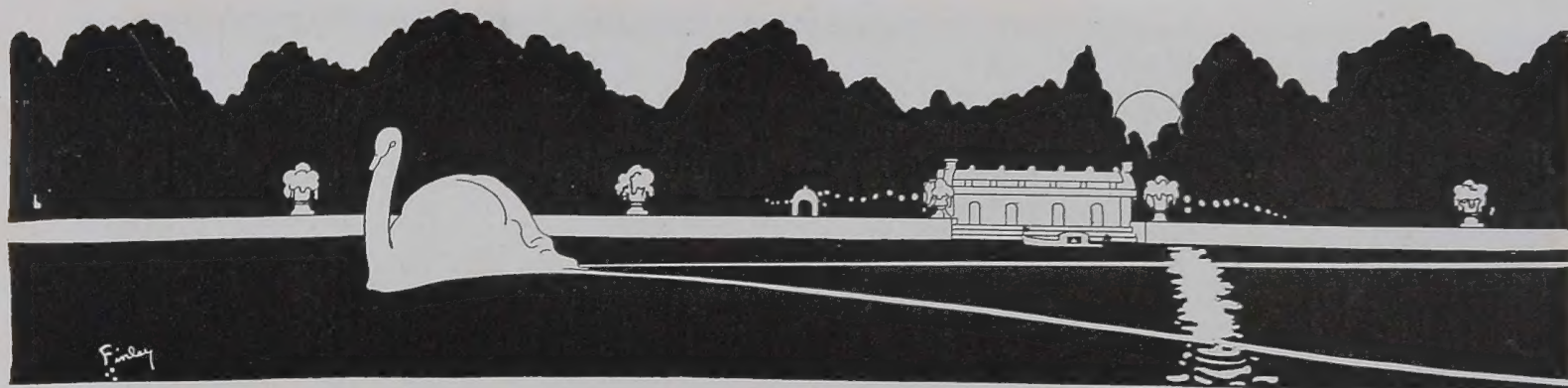
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SHOPPING WITH A LUXURY TAX

"FATHER," said an astute little debutante some months ago on returning from a dinner at which several visiting diplomats had been present, "when you have five minutes to spare, will you tell me what the President means by his fourteen points?"

Deep and unfathomable as was the mystery surrounding this historic issue is that which to-day surrounds the new luxury tax—latest and, it is to be hoped, last of the lingering horrors of war. One might, perhaps,—and if the rulings did not change so rapidly—get in time some vague idea of the underlying principle of this new measure. One could, perhaps, fathom the reason why a suit or frock is a necessity and therefore non-taxable, and a hat is not; at least, this is true at present, but rules change without rhyme or reason.

As matters stand, however, it seems wiser not to risk one's mental balance in the mazes of this complicated subject, but to let the question of to tax or not to tax be a matter between

oneself and one's merchant, who, presumably, has grasped the essential intentions of his Government. Poor man, he has trouble enough as it is. He is obliged both to collect and account for the tax and to listen to what people have to say. Most of the shops save trouble by putting on little tags showing the original price and then adding the tax beneath.

TAXES, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE

On furs, one does not ostensibly pay a tax; but do not worry, it is there just the same, included in the regular selling price of the fur. For in this case the shop has had to pay the tax to the manufacturer or importer and has, of course, added it to the retail price, and it is the same with jewellery.

The difference between the general luxury tax and the tax on jewellery and furs is just this: When such things as umbrellas and fans and shoes and lingerie and happily a few other

essentials are sold at prices below a certain foreordained maximum, they are exempt from taxation. When one indulges in costly articles valued above this maximum, however, one must be prepared to pay also a tax of ten per cent. on the amount in excess of that fixed price. On jewellery and furs, however, every purchase is taxed, no matter how small may be its price.

There are lots of other little taxes, too, waiting where one least expects them. There is, for instance, the tax on toilet articles (cleanliness, to the iniquitous tax-maker, is clearly as non-essential as godliness). This tax levies one cent on every twenty-five cents (or fractional part of twenty-five cents) in the selling price of these articles without which, of course, no reader of Vogue could live. Should you, however, be moved thereby to hurl reproaches at a "man-made world," consider the sufferings of man himself beneath the tax on his indispensable pipes and tobacco, not to mention that on sporting goods and accessories.

VOL. NO. 53. NO. 11

WHOLE NO. 1120

Cover Design by Helen Dryden

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C O N T E N T S

for
Late June, 1919



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VOGUE is published on the fifth and the twentieth of every month by the Vogue Company, 19 West 44th Street, New York; Conde Nast, President; Barrett Andrews, Vice-President; W. E. Beckerle, Treasurer; Edna Woolman Chase, Editor; Heyworth Campbell, Art Director; Philippe Ortiz, European Director.

Manuscripts, Drawings, and Photographs submitted must be accompanied by stamps for return if unsuitable. Unsolicited contributions will be carefully considered, but the Editors can take no responsibility for loss or damage in transmission.

The Subscription Rate to Vogue, including postage for Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australasia, is 48 francs per annum, payable in advance. Subscriptions should be sent to

PARIS OFFICE
VOGUE
2 Rue Edouard VII

Telephone: Central { 15-53
97-88
Louvre { 29-26
09-01

Cable Address Vofair, Paris
LONDON
Rolls House
Breans Buildings
E. C.
Cable Address
Dawvog London
NEW YORK
19 West 44th Street
Cable Address
Vonork New York

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MRS. JOHN

JACOB ASTOR

Mrs. Astor arrived in this country a few months ago and has been in Florida with Captain Astor, who is convalescing from wounds received in action. She is a sister of the Earl of Minto and was the widow of Lord Charles Nairne, who was a younger son of the fifth Marquess of Lansdowne and was killed in action in October, 1914. She was married in 1916 to Captain Astor, who, as second son of Baron Astor of Hever Castle, is a brother of the Honourable Waldorf Astor of Cliveden and a cousin of Mr. Vincent Astor.



Since ancient tables have grown well-nigh priceless, Paris leaves them bare of any linen and sets forth the midnight supper on the rich old top with whetted appreciation

THE ACTIVE MINDS AND FEET OF PARIS

Society Stimulates Its Serious Thoughts at
The Smart Receptions of the Académie Française
And Dances Them Away at Many a Gay Supper



Lawrin sends adventuring a gay little toque of embroidered blue straw

IT was "under the cupola," as we say in Paris, when we mean at the Institute of France, that Monsieur René Boislève, the Academician, presented before a distinguished audience, and in finely chosen terms, the mission of the writer, the scholar, the philosopher, —those perpetual ambassadors of our national genius to foreign lands.

Victory has given a new prestige to the author in the French mind, said Monsieur Boislève; he has become the magician whose "propaganda," more than any other, will make us understood and beloved. As for us, we believe that there are many other forms of "propaganda" equally essential to the establishing of French credit in foreign countries, one of which is this very echo of what is happening now in the life of Paris resumed with so much grace and enthusiasm after four years of war and invasion.

I know that there are austere people, whom bereavement has never touched during the cruel years of war, who protest against this resumption of social life, but they are the discontented, the embittered, born to spend their lives in protesting without ever knowing why. Let us leave them to follow alone their own bent, for their only action is that of demoralization. As for me, I am an optimist, and more than that, I follow the theories of Monsieur Duhamel who seeks happiness and who, in his admirable book, "The Possession of the World," summons us to collect the wealth which is ours. "It is in vain," he says, "that disorder and death have tried to interrupt the sublime and intimate dialogue which every human being carries on with his higher self."

Is it not wise to follow the course which Monsieur Duhamel so finely indicates for us and to



Madame Nagelmackers was undisingly her interesting self in a gown of black daringly trimmed by a most original waterfall of "poison green" plumes

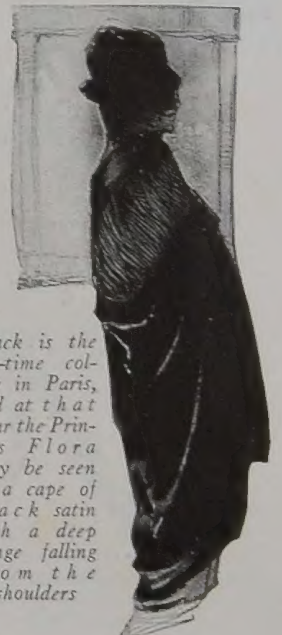
lighten our sorrows and thus transform them?

It was a pleasure to find that on the day of the reception to this new Academician, the audience was as elegant as in the glorious days before the war. Long lines of carriages and motors stood in waiting on the old quay, where once stood the legendary Tour de Nesles and where, they say, the ashes of its founder, Cardinal Riche-

lieu, rest in the ground beneath that ancient dome.

It is the custom to attend these receptions, which are held at one o'clock in the afternoon, in formal costume such as is worn to a morning musicale or a charity fête. Men and women of note in the world of art and letters are seated in the first row of the centre, the most sought after of all places—so much sought, in fact, that it is not unusual to see some person of distinction, such as Madame Alphonse Daudet or Madame Paul Deschanel, contenting herself, when arriving late, with a little seat which some obliging usher has set on the steps. The light falling from the glass dome is not becoming to feminine faces, so many women, among them Mademoiselle Sorel, wore wide hats which threw a more becoming shade over their eyes—a bit of feminine wisdom. It is very smart indeed to appear at these receptions at the Académie Française. Like the Mondays at the Opéra and the Tuesdays at the Comédie Française in the days before the war, they are essential for all those who aspire to distinction in the social world,—intellectual distinction, of course, for that is the ideal to-day of all women, even those least fitted to aspire to brilliance. However, this seems a case in which snobbism possesses a certain merit.

At tea time on the day of this reception, the Countess Bonin-Longare, wife of the Italian Ambassador, gathered a few friends in the informal salons of the Embassy, a house of which I have written many times and in which the charm of antique furnishings is perfected by the presence of a very modern woman who possesses in the highest degree charm of per-



Black is the tea-time colour in Paris, and at that hour the Princess Flora may be seen in a cape of black satin with a deep fringe falling from the shoulders



Without such charming personality as the Marquise de Chabannes consistently puts into her costumes the mode would die of ennui

son and of mind. Although it was still daylight outside, the Countess Bonin-Longare preferred artificial light and received with curtains drawn and lights shining through pale silk shades, creating an atmosphere of charm and intimacy.

The chemise gown of Madame Bonin was of black satin opening in a long V over flesh coloured satin in front, and her low girdle, lightly edged with monkey fur, was knotted at the side. The sleeves were rather short, and a long string of pearls fell in a single strand to her knees. In spite of the somewhat complicated lines which the couturiers suggest, and with reason, I see worn in the fashionable world only gowns with straight lines or with straight-hanging floating panels.



The swathing black satin gown worn by the Countess of Drogheda to the Countess de Roche's dance emphasized her tall English figure in contrast to the "petites" Frenchwomen

shining through the transparent fabric gave it an unexpected charm and made it seem a veil rather than a wrap. Again we welcome among us the women who dress in accord with their own imagination and taste without depending on the ideas of others. The mode had need of this personal and ever-changing note which the war had taken from it. It was this personality in costume that made it a delight to look at the Marquise de Chabannes when I met her one day just before her departure for Tunis, where she has a most original house, half buried under masses of flowers. On this day, she wore a smart stiff little hat of tête de nègre satin, and to this she had matched all the rest of her costume.

Women who possess this individual taste in dress can give themselves a very real beauty, even when nature has not been kind to them in the matter of features. In fact, one comes to prefer



Always delightful to the eye, the Duchess de Gramont arrived at the dance given by the Countess de Roche in a gown of copper tulle and completely surrounded by a bodyguard of the best dancers

the woman who is less beautiful but perfectly gowned to the woman of perfect beauty who is merely dressed in the prevailing fashion. There is always the stirring mystery as to what experiences of nature or art have taught them the wisdom by which they make themselves such perfect works of art. Assuredly Madame de Chabannes must have considered more than once that wisdom which André Gide has presented in simple phrase in his "Nourritures Terrestres," where he says of Tunis, "In all this azure there was only enough white for a veil, only enough green to make a shadow in the water." For one who has eyes to see, what delightful pictures these few words suggest.

Many women have adopted the fashion of wearing black costumes at tea time. At Madame Bonin's tea, the Duchess Montellano wore a long black satin cape; Mademoiselle d'Hinnisdal's



The beautiful Countess de la Béraudière wore her great rope of pearls knotted charmingly under one arm and over one hip

straight frock was of black silk tricot fringed at the bottom, while Madame Flury-Hérard was dressed all in black satin with a great bunch of violets at her girdle.

At the exhibition of the paintings of Mathilde Sée and at that of Benito, black costumes were much in evidence. Madame Lucien Klotz accompanied her black gown with a black cloche trimmed with an uncurled black plume. Madame Davidsart, formerly Mlle. De Saint-Senoch, was in brilliant contrast with all this black in a tailored costume of brick red bure opening over an écu chemise blouse. The Countess de Roche appeared in gown and manteau of satin and lincage of two tones of vanilla brown.

Frocks are simple, as a rule, at these afternoon affairs, for no one knows when or whither she may be summoned to consult with the antique dealer, the upholsterer, or even the dealer in kitchen utensils. For matters are at a crisis in the production of kitchen materials, as in the production of fabrics and of many other things. The excitement rises among our fashionable châtelines, and one can never foresee at what moment they may dash away from even the most enthralling tea to start on a search for a soup-kettle or a pair of pressing irons. I consider my wealth with amazement when I realize that I possess two of those wonderful enamelled kettles in which one can boil five quarts of water. It is impossible to obtain them now for less than a hundred and twenty-five or a hundred and fifty francs, and I paid twenty-two francs for mine. My dear little friend Marie, who is doing over her house this (Cont'd on page 101)



With the Countess de Polignac her small turban and "beaux catchers" are inseparable

PARIS MAKES RADIANT PREPARATION *for the* RACES

Now that the Government Has Relented, the "Grandes Maisons" Are Aflutter with the Making of Race Frocks And the Dinner and Evening Gowns for the Greater Gaiety Which a Racing Season Will Call Forth

THE latest opening of all was that of the Paris house of Lucile for which special manikins were summoned from London. A royal time they had of it, and they must have gone back with their little heads in a whirl. The collection was presented in a very charming fashion in the big house of several storeys through which the manikins had almost to fight their way, so great was the crowd.

Upstairs in the main salon, a small theatre was arranged, hung with grey chiffon and curtained from our eyes with the same material, and the exhibition opened with a "Dance of Spring." Then began the long procession of gowns which readily fell into two classifications,—one of frocks with the long draped line so typical of this house, and the other of short frocks with something of an 1820 feeling about them. This classification is well illustrated by the sketches which are reproduced on this and the following page and which show two evening gowns and a *robe d'intérieur* of the first type and three frocks of the second type with quaint air.

EVENING GOWNS FROM LUCILE

A return to the luxury and elegance of pre-war fashions is exemplified in the two evening gowns, one of which is of palest rose satin veiled with chiffon beaded with grey beads, while the other is of solid beading of black jet with interlacing circles of dull silver scattered over its surface. Among the many *robes d'intérieur*, this one was the simplest, but the most charming. The manikin who wore it carried in her hand the big mirror which the artist has included in the sketch. Of course, there were gorgeous creations of Oriental colouring, turquoise and green, black and silver, magenta, midnight blue, orange, with embroideries and fringes which rivalled the best days of the Russian Ballet. Worn by the tall



LUCILE

At Lucile's opening, one of those radiant English manikins who came across the Channel especially for the occasion wore this "*robe d'intérieur*" of jersey silk made with long sleeves and trousers

A marvellous gown of grey beaded chiffon over rose satin dangled a jet bead and diamond tassel when the willowy English manikin who was created for such gowns trailed it in and out of the gay rooms



LUCILE

Paris is responsible for such slim and siren ideas as this one of black tube-shaped jet beads and circles of silver beads. In the back—but there is no back—it is cut all the way to the waist-line

English girls with their small heads closely bound in turbans of bright shades, these frocks made a magnificent picture.

The shorter frocks were none the less pleasing and made a charming contrast. The little yatching frock of white charmeuse at the upper right on page 46 was shown with its accompanying mantle of white wool velours trimmed with big flowers of angora wool, cut and fluffed out in a novel fashion. The fronts of the coat were faced with black satin stitched in white. The grey frock at the upper left on page 46 offers pleasant suggestions for the summer wardrobe. It is of cotton voile with an underskirt and little bands of satin, and an original trimming at the hem, composed of two deep bands of beige wool put on in long stitches and held down in the middle by a narrow band of the satin. It is this heavy hem which gives the frock its 1820 air. The evening frock in the middle at the top of page 46 is of heavy pink broché, and the bodice is amusingly cut, folded around the form, so that half the back is composed of one thickness of chiffon. A garland of deeper pink silk roses, beautifully made, crosses the shoulder and, passing down the back of the arm, finishes in a sort of bracelet just below a rounded elbow.

FRENCH FROCKS ON ENGLISH MODELS

A very smart "audience" was present at the opening to admire the gowns and drink tea afterwards. Among them was a distinguished-looking woman seen wearing a Directoire collar on her black satin suit with the pointed neck-line filled



LUCILE



LUCILE

Prim enough in colour for the most particular of consciences, this grey gown of voile over a grey satin foundation takes a flair for the frivolous in two bands of beige wool at the hem, held in the middle with a heavy satin band



LUCILE

When a truly Parisienne frock decides to gather its rosebuds while it may, it is more than likely to be made of rose satin with a one-sided bodice and a shoulder-strap of roses



LUCILE

To accompany her expectant air and her blue bonnet, she wears a yatching dress of white charmeuse and, to match it, a loose coat of white wool velours trimmed with fluffy flowers of white Angora and faced with stitched black satin

in with white Directoire frills. An extraordinary number of men were present, both in uniform and in civil attire, and they all seemed keenly interested in the display, though it is possible that the grace of the willowy English girls shared with the charm of the modes in creating this interest in feminine modes.

There is probably no action of the French Government which has caused greater satisfaction than the decision of the authorities to resume the race-meets. The entire racing public of France rejoiced, and a very large proportion of the same fraternity in America and Great Britain joined them. But happiest of all were the Paris dressmakers; here at last are occasions when new frocks are not only a pleasure, but a duty to society which must maintain the reputation of the French courses for being the smartest in the world. The dates of the various



Séeberger Frères

Mlle. Chenaud wears a grey squirrel collar with this Callot suit of silk matelassé which, when the weather is warmer, she may change for satin

events,—the Prix de Diane which is the French Oaks, the Prix de Jockey Club which is the French Derby, and the still more famous "Grand Steeple" and Grand Prix—were no sooner fixed than the workrooms of the big houses began to hum with excitement. They had, indeed, been busy enough with Victory clothes before, but the supreme effort was reserved for the race frocks, for the reputation of Paris must not be allowed to suffer on account of high prices or difficulties of production. It is true that race frocks are very dear; conditions are such that this is unavoidable. When Madame has arranged material, cut, trimming, and price after long consultation with her *vendeuse*, comes the wretched *taxe de luxe* to cap the climax.

"Of course, the *taxe de luxe* is included in the price," says Madame.

"Oh no! Madame," answers the *vendeuse*. "We are not a department store!" And so ten per cent. of the total is added to a sum which was already staggering to pre-war conceptions of the cost of dressing.

THE FORM OF THE NEW FROCKS

Greater richness of material, more colour, lavish embroidery, and endless diversity of detail characterize the frocks which will make their debut soon after the first of June on the green lawns of the Paris race-courses. It is not probable that there will be any startling change in form. Paris is by no means tired of her present silhouette, and the artists who are daily returning from military duties to civil life are delighted with its simplicity, so that it has every prospect of living for this summer at least. Short skirts, vague outlines of bodice, short sleeves, open necklines—all these features continue to characterize the mode; however, it is significant that, at several of the foremost dressmaking houses, I have heard very smart clients demanding that their skirts be made longer than those of the manikins who paraded their choice before them. However, it is all a question of comparison, and "longer" means pretty short still, according to New York ideas of length.

At Dœuillet's, Monsieur Dœuillet himself showed me the gown sketched at the upper right on the following page, which he has prepared for the races. It is a combination of the unfailingly successful black and white, touched in this case with geranium red and gold which appear in the brocade belt and in the fine embroidery on the chiffon overdress. A large black hat goes with the gown. It is a mushroom cloche of satin with sprays of glycerine ostrich about the conical crown. If the weather in June is anything like that of the present moment, a wrap will be an absolute necessity. This house proposes a satin cape like that shown at the lower left on the same page, wrapped closely around the figure and held in front in an amusing way, so as to hide the hands. The effect suggests the polite Japanese woman, who hides her hands in her kimono on greeting a visitor. The

Like many a Parisienne, Mlle. Chenaud of the Opéra Comique tops her dark costume of navy blue wool jersey with a hat of pink taffeta and silver



Séeberger Frères



DÉVILLET

In a costume delightfully blending violet shades, a frock of bluish lavender embroidered crêpe de Chine forecasts an ampler silhouette by plaited ruffles at the side. Violets face the tulle-crowned hat

cape in the sketch is made of marron satin lined with cloth of gold and trimmed in a way which is in favour at present—that is to say with a band of long silk threads attached at both ends.

The two other frocks on this page are for summer wear. That at the upper left is of crêpe de Chine in a pale shade of blue tinged with lavender. The features to be noticed are the use of two plaited frills on either hip—showing that tendency towards more fulness here which is significant of the coming mode—and the little chemisette and undersleeves of fine white net which are typical of this house. They appear again, this time in fine linen, on the frock of coin-dotted dark blue and white foulard with its girdle of ivory beads and its amusing shoulder fastening taken from the Greek; in this fastening, the foulard buttons with ivory buttons over the linen.

With the opening of the racing season, it is reasonable to suppose that there will also be more elaborate dressing in the evening, and the house of Jenny has prepared for it, as will be seen from the two evening gowns sketched on page 48. Both of them are most successful; one is made of a sort of satin-finished silk which is called "fulfurante" and is of the blue of a summer sky at sunset. It is shot with rose which shows on the under side



Séeberger Frères

Not to be outdone by the uniform, this black tricot suit went as far back as the seventeenth century to gather elaborate decoration and, not content with white embroidery and strips of ermine, it affirmed its preference for contrast by a black taffeta hat embroidered in white silk

and gives a glow to the blue. The characteristic puff just below the waist is found in many of Jenny's models; and there is a trimming of strands of rose beads, while in front is a large brooch of gold set with four stones, one blue, one green, and two in shades of rose. The other gown, called "Concert" and pictured at the lower right on page 48, is for formal occasions and is a combination of black satin and unbleached fillet lace. The whole back of the gown is of the lace, and the two sashes are rolled about the figure in the front like the folded wings of an Egyptian god-

Thus does one attend the races, ensfolded, Japanese fashion, in a generously collared cape of marron satin lined with cloth of gold

Belted and fastened on shoulder in Greek fashion with ivory beads, a summer frock of dark blue foulard wears frills of linen



DÉVILLET

One of the reasons why Paris is keen about the races is a gown of black satin and white chiffon, with red, black, and gold embroidery and brocade belt. About the black satin hat is glycerine ostrich



DÉVILLET



DÉVILLET

dess. There is just a suggestion of pale rose in the girdle knot and at the edge of the décolletage. A great deal has been said about Directoire styles this season, but the influence has been seen mainly in millinery. However, there is a suggestion of the period in many collars and sashes, and Madame Jenny included some very clever Directoire gowns in her collection. Two of them are shown here as excellent examples of the art of interpreting the spirit of a dress period in a modern way—a very different thing from slavishly copying a bygone mode and much more difficult to do well. The gown at the right in the sketch at the top of the page is in blue serge braided in black in the pattern taken from a general's tunic. It is appropriately called "Mon Général." The frills at the neck, the standing collar, and the sash tied at the side are all pure Directoire. The sash is of rust coloured Georgette crêpe which appears again in the braided slits down each side of the front. Many young women have adopted this sash of crêpe or chiffon in a shade contrasting with the gown, and it offers opportunity for delightful colour combinations. The frock at the left in the same sketch, called "Tallien," in black satin buttoned down its whole length, has a most amusing interpretation of the "Incroyable" cravat. These gowns, worn by Jenny's magnificent dark manikin who looks like a tall and



JENNY

JENNY

stage-settings are bad beyond words. I saw the piece at a matinée, and, during the intermissions, I found the audience almost as interesting as I had found the actors. The theatre is a tiny one with a circle of boxes just above the orchestra circle, and in these boxes were seated women in simple little dark satin frocks, almost sleeveless and quite low in the neck, with which they wore hats of a contrasting colour pulled down so far over their faces that one saw almost nothing but their scarlet lips. The effect was as different from that of a New York matinée audience as could possibly be imagined by one who has seen both.

A few nights later I went to the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt to see the play by François Porché, called "La Jeune Fille aux Jours Roses," in which the principal rôle is played by Madame Simone. The play is extremely original. The satirical scenes are full of hits at the present state of things in France, and are much more successful with the audience than the sentimental ones with which they are alternated, but the piece as a whole is a credit to the modern French stage. The scenes in the palace are all in grey and black with touches of green as relief, and the costuming of the court officials in these three colours and the constantly shifting groups are highly picturesque and paintable.

M. H.



JENNY

The black satin "Tallien" model wears an imposing sash of beige and pomegranate red, but its real glory is a huge "Incroyable" cravat which would have created a flutter among susceptible Directoire hearts. "Mon Général," of blue serge, is under obligations to the army. One sees by its braidings that it enjoys an exalted rank; and also, by its frills, its standing collar, and its sash, that it is likewise very Directoire

slender Geraldine Farrar, are among the most effective that I have seen in Paris.

The theatres are feeling the influence of the return to normal existence to a certain extent, for there is interest in something besides the revues which were constructed with the sole idea of amusing the *permissionnaires*. A comedy which recalls pre-war times is playing at the Théâtre Michel; it is called "Les Amants de Sazy" and was written by Romain Coolus; Marthe Régnier and Signoret have the leading rôles. Mlle. Régnier is dressed by Paquin, but her gowns are absolutely simple in cut and so identical with the mode of the moment as to afford little interest from the point of view of modes.

A BEDROOM SCENE

One very amusing scene of this comedy is played in a bedroom, a garish room in red and gold with a huge bed in the centre of the stage facing the audience and arranged in "modern" fashion. The sheets and pillow-covers are of white satin, and the former are printed with a border of big red roses, while the latter are decorated with wreaths of the same flower. The coverlet is of white fur with big satin roses sprinkled over it. Sazy, who is suffering from migraine, lies in the midst of this furred and silken luxury in a *liseuse* of red and gold brocade with immense collar and cuffs of white fur. She plays the whole scene ensconced in her satin pillows, changing her brocade wrap for a filmy one of creamy lace during the act.

Throughout the play, the scenes between the two principals are admirably managed, but the



JENNY

To grace the festivities of the racing season, the "Fatma" evening gown drapes blue silk shot with rose into the below-the-waist puff that Jenny favours, and bracelets the arms and waist with strands of rose beads

The "Concert" turns its back upon the world in unbleached fillet lace and faces it in black satin aided by touches of pale rose satin at bodice and belt with two satin sashes folding, Egyptian goddess-wise, across the front

THE NEWEST FLOWER OF THE PARIS SPRING



Manuel

Madame Doyen looks like a French flower in her fringed Vionnet frock of fuchsia crêpe de Chine which she wears with a violet-trimmed hat and a muff of Parma violets; the hat and muff are both from Reboux

Petal Frocks, Flower-Like

Creations Flower-Trimmed,

Blossom Exclusively for the

Very Smartest Parisiennes

FROCKS seem to have blossomed into flowers in Paris, for the newest mode demands that they be petalled. It is a pretty fancy that allows us the charms of many different flowers. It may be the supple elongated petals of shaggy chrysanthemums or of poppies that these frocks suggest by their form, or a full-blown rose by the soft draperies unfolding above the waist. They are without lining, so as to follow the lines of the figure without any suggestion of stiffness and give the body absolute freedom, and they are novel in that they enwrap rather than clothe. The old order of the corsage that was rigidly boned or even lined is now cast far aside. It is not easy to wear the new frocks unless one has an excellent figure, and physical culture is usually required of the woman who wishes to wear them.

FROCKS LIKE ARTLESS FLOWERS

The frock from Vionnet sketched at the lower left on this page shows the artlessness of these petal dresses. It is of black satin, and the skirt is trimmed with floating draperies of black mouseline de soie. These are plaited and cut in deep sharp points, so that they fly with every movement of walking or dancing. The satin corsage is made flatly and without trimmings, and it is

(Continued on page 52)



Manuel

A dinner gown worn by Madame Doyen is just one square after another trailing embroidered morning-glories. At the bottom, it ends in petals; at the top, in a very low décolletage; model from Vionnet



A Vionnet petal frock may be little more than a foundation of black satin and some floating wisps of mouseline de soie, but its points shake and flutter with every movement of the dance with an airy grace. The cloche of black satin lined with white is from Lancien



The satin frock (the dress on the right) is edged and trimmed with satin roses. As for a back, there isn't any to speak of, since what there is is a mere string of mouseline in soie. The train is long, but the front is short to show a pair of daring laced stockings



One naturally expects much for the loveliest day of summer, and much is given in this gown of coral chiffon printed with big soft flowers in white. The narrow underskirt, little vestee, and undersleeves are of white organdie, so glorified by tucks and lace that they appear like the stuff of dreams. The hat that droops over this dainty beauty is made of white horsehair trimmed with orange-blossoms

Many pale colours creep into this frock and abide in harmony. Orchid taffeta opens to show white point d'esprit piped with apple green taffeta and with pert bows of the same silk all the way up the front. The cuffs are of rose taffeta, and the belt a wistful hyacinth blue, while the leghorn hat is faced with orchid and rose taffeta under a rosy brim



Baron de Meyer

One has given much credit to the charms of white linen, yet not done it justice—that is clear the minute this gown appears. Crochet lace trims the overskirt and makes most of the bodice. The underskirt is run with fine lace, and the little vestee is lavishly tucked. Blue taffeta bound in pink taffeta ties near the front, and a white turban of mousseline de soie drops black paradise to one shoulder

FRANCES SENDS FORTH

THESE GOWNS FOR AFTER-

NOON AND EVENING WEAR



(Below) This evening gown is first a sheath of black satin and then a glimmer of black and gold sequins, for it is brilliantly trimmed by its overdress. It has, whimsically, a deceptively demure little fichu for a bodice. Two long serpentine trains glitter behind it with no pretence of meekness, and it is appropriately girdled with apple green and lemon coloured taffeta

(Below) The draped gown is most effective when it is of heavy satin, and peach colour is particularly lovely with very little trimming. Here the edge of each long drape is lined with orange satin, and the overdress is draped to one side. The little bodice twinkles with white paillettes, and the broad crushed girdle goes on and on into a slim long train.



Sumptuous materials and colours blend in this evening gown of silver lace and heavy oxidized silver tissue run with steel sequins. Bands of lemon yellow and emerald green taffeta crown both sleeves and overdress, while the girdle of geranium and orchid satin runs into a long and fringed train and is caught at the decolletage by a corsage of such flowers—hyacinths, lilies, roses, geraniums and carnations.





DESIGNS BY HELEN DRYDEN



Then the hair is loosely waved, parted in the middle, and simply arranged, then a bandeau of opaque coloured stones befit. The largest comes in the middle of the forehead and smaller ones all the way around, and over the right ear is a hanging ornament of these new stones



The blonde who can becomingly dress her hair very high, never fully realizes her good fortune until she sees the curling sweep and the sable contrast of two sprays of paradise. Then she will choose a particularly effective pair of earrings and fasten the black feathers with a harmonizing jewelled ornament

(Below) Then there is the demure way of dressing the hair, for which nothing will answer but a simple ornament to encircle the knot at the back of the head. A garland of tiny soft feathers which form old-fashioned flowers is suggested in the sketch

Baton de Meyer



(Left) When glistening hair is encircled by a band of small chiffon leaves, faded mauve with a sheen of silver, the coiffure has a simple classic charm. The leaf band ends near the forehead at either side; leaf band from Thurn; posed by Lucy Cotton

COIFFURES FOR EVENING MAY

BE LOW OR HIGH AC-

CORDING TO ONE'S MOOD

PLUMES AND JEWELS AND

PRECIOUS TISSUE GIVE

FLASHING GLINTS OF COLOUR



Sometimes it is just a circle of brilliants in the hair that is needed to bring out the best points of a costume. Then one fastens the ornament with an oval buckle and lets white feathers stand up in front, straight and tall and proud. band from Gidding; posed by Lucy Corton



Short hair, if it suits the face underneath, is charming when it is arranged as a close crop of curls like a little mob-cap. It may be banded with a strip of gold or silver tissue, brilliantly jewelled and matched by a pair of jewelled earrings



Low to her forehead she has a band of jade green, on which shine the shining bracts, curled over each ear. But the prettiest touch of all is in the thin wired pieces of amber, like two tiny wings, that are fastened with green jewelled ornaments



A fair lady may be fairer still when she wears a large black Spanish comb poised in her high knotted coiffure and adds a tortoise-shell chain and a pendant shaped like a Grecian urn. The shell earrings match the pendant in shape. Her fan is of peacock feathers on an amber stick, and it is easy to understand why she gazes into a little oval mirror cunningly fixed at the base; fan from Thurn

Baron de Meyer

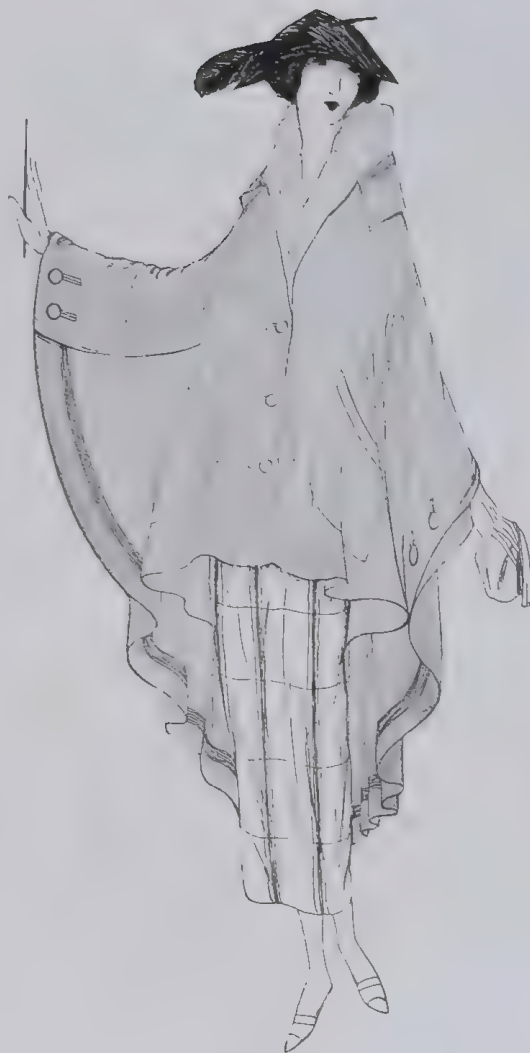
For sports Callot made a cape of copper coloured homespun, a voluminous unlined affair that suggests a full coat reaching to the hips with a long cape growing out of its sleeves. This cape is trimmed on the inside with narrow cordings like those on the collar, a small cape in itself, which is faced with homespun in a lighter shade. Brown bone buttons fasten into tailored bound buttonholes

WITH CALLOT AND CHÉRUIT, CAPES

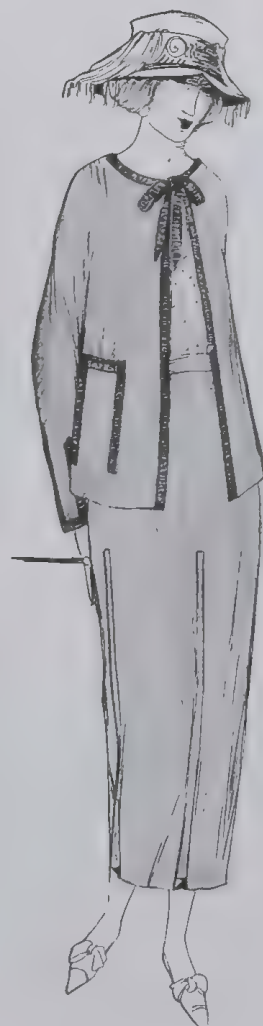
ENWRAP THE FIGURE, BUT THE

SUIT IS STRAIGHT AND NARROW

MODELS FROM GIDDING



According to one Chéruit thought, a cape is a wrapping of soft green homespun. It knows its collar is enormous—like a hood—for it points out the fact with three rows of green and white tapestry braid. This same effective braid is used to mark the straight slits at either side for the arms to come through if they so desire



This Callot cape is so lost in admiration of its own lovely lines and colours that it never gives a thought to fastenings or armholes. It is of navy blue diagonal velours lined with plain coral velours. At the elbows are groups of cartridge tucks; a narrow cording marks the deep yoke

Chéruit had in mind the slim straight lines of youth when she designed this street suit of navy blue Poiré twill. One must notice at once its unusual inverted box-plaits that extend but half way up the skirt. Black silk braid outlines practically everything on the jacket and ends by tying in a bow at the throat

CALLOT GIVES TO FA-

VOURED FROCKS THE

SPECIAL DISTINCTION OF

THEIR OWN WRAPS

MODELS FROM FOX



THE CHARMING VER-

SATILITY OF BLACK IS

RECORDED AGAIN BY

THESE NEW COSTUMES

When the wearer of the black satin frock below steps forth upon the street, this black satin coat goes with her. It is a very smart coat with four panels, two of which are longer and fuller than the others and belted across. These side panels, it seems, are favoured above all other panels, for they are also heavily embroidered in grey wool. The black taffeta cape at the right is short and crisp and saucy, and has a number of very special reasons for being so. It has a full wired collar, a yoke across the shoulders fastening under long ribbons, and a big pompous rose at one side. and, most special of all, the little evening frock below for its very own

(Left) The gown designed with care for the black satin coat described above has a bodice of grey satin gracefully crossed in front and outlined in black satin. The upper part of the skirt has a yoke of grey satin, and below it droop two tiers of black satin which drape slightly to one side. The sash swathes its soft way about the hips and ends in a long solemn loop in the back

Callot's favourite evening frock comes dancing along like a much-petalled flower. Each of its four black taffeta ruffles is hooped with wire, and close about the ankles is a little petticoat of black lace over white lace, which, with a band of taffeta veiled in tulle and a wide-open rose, also forms the bodice. The wrap for this frock is found in the sketch above



LALIQUE SETS *a* MODERN HAND *to an* ANCIENT ART



In clear glass, by processes as carefully guarded as those of the old Venetian workers, Lalique has created a set of exceptionally lovely table ornaments



As lends its delicate beauty, this glass is fashioned into exquisite bibelots for the service of woman

Imagination foresees the charm and the wide variety of table decorations to be derived from these three carved pieces artfully combined with gay flowers

IT is long since New York has had the opportunity to see in any extensive exhibition the work of the French master craftsman, René Lalique. And now that his work has come again to this country, we see Lalique not as we knew him best of old, as the creator of amazing beauties in enamel and metal, but in a new phase as a modern master of the very ancient and very honourable art of glass-working.

Though the art is nearly as old as recorded time, however, that does not mean that it held no unknown possibilities. Despite all the artist craftsmen who, since the days of ancient Egypt, have devoted their lives to it, there still remained undiscovered beauties in glass which only Lalique himself has known how to develop.

His gifts as a designer are already known, but of the technique by which he works his glass, one may only guess. For this great French maker guards his secret processes no less jealously than did those men who, in an earlier day, lived on the island of Murano and built the fame of Venetian glass.

Though the processes may be dark, however, the results are clear and very lovely. Perhaps the most striking of them is the beautiful silvery effect, almost like a silver inlay, which is obtained in some way by carving the design from the back, so that one sees it through the glass. For this glass

of Lalique is not blown thin and fine like that of Venice, nor painted like that of Bristol, nor polished on an emery-wheel like our American diamonds of cut glass. Instead, it is cast and then carved by hand, doubtless carved at a high temperature while it is soft, not brittle, but as to that Lalique offers no confidences.

At some time during the process of its making, much of this glass is toned, also, sometimes very lightly to bring out the designs carved upon it, sometimes in deep and lovely, but never solid, colours. In quality it is sometimes clear and sometimes almost opaque, with a surface of about the texture of round glass.

To this variety of material is added the varied wealth of Lalique design, making each piece a veritable object of art. Practically, each one is a unique piece, for, though the same designs may sometimes be used more than once, no two resulting pieces can ever be really duplicates, since the work is a matter of individual casting and hand-carving. Further variation, also, is inevitable by reason of the fact that with glass, as with porcelain, it is never possible to predict with entire accuracy the final result of a given process. Each finished work, therefore, varies subtly but distinctly from all other pieces, even from the few which interpret its own design.

(Continued on page 104)



Few things in life are harder to come by than a really original jewel-box. Quite unlike all preconceived ideas of jewel-boxes, however, is this Lalique box in which glass panels, carved and toned to almost the darkness of bronze, are set in a solid metal frame about a strong wooden box protected by a safety-lock



"Delicate as a butterfly's wing" is a description not unmerited by this seal of softly toned glass cast in butterfly form and carved with delicate precision

To the amber glass of a seal, carving gives a surface whiteness to suggest daisy petals, while the centre, also carved, glows like a brilliant yellow jewel



CREAM LACES AND FLUT-

TERING CHIFFON DO THEIR

FRAIL BEST TO MAKE SUM-

MER EVENINGS PERFECT

MODELS FROM MRS. COLLINS

Floating all flower strewn and rosy over a foundation of heavy soft white satin is a tunic of printed chiffon. The chiffon, being double, hopes to disguise the lightness of its nature and even assumes very solid bindings of white satin with this end in view. The satin underskirt is scant and narrow with the merest hint of a side drapery. Clustering at the waist are very natural looking poinsettias which are unnaturally of dark blue taffeta

A summer night, a beautiful woman, and a white frock, soft and fluttering in the moonlight, who does not know the magic of such things as these? A gown worthy of its important rôle on summer nights is of cream chiffon draped lightly with an overdress of cream filet lace and girdled very broadly with cream moiré ribbon weighted with fringe. But the most artful coquetry lies in those beguiling sleeves made from quantities of cream chiffon

As exotically vivid, soft, and trail as a jungle flower is this gown of shimmering cerise satin, clouded and folded about by equally brilliant purple chiffon. The tunic is very long and draped to full length, and from its long full swaying tunics revealing in their folds hidden gleams of cerise. The sleeves of rectangular lines can give no hint of surprise, for they are of soft purple chiffon caught upon the arm by bands of silver

The lace frock is a dinner guest as delightful as it is inevitable. Flesh coloured chiffon here shows its pale flush through the covering of cream Valenciennes lace that composes this frock. About the waist is a great drooping sash of flesh coloured satin, and flesh chiffon breaks into ripples on either side of the skirt. The skirt is quite full, and the bodice has short sleeves and a quaint little lace cape which covers gleaming shoulders



This fashionably back-to-nature lady tops her head with a smart little beehive in natural colour corn-husks. Unlike most beehives, it is braided all the way up to the top of the crown and sprouts impudent strands of peeled quills to a dizzy length on one side of the front

HATS FOR THE PIQUANT MOODS OF MIDSUMMER

Saucy Little Turbans Do Astonishing Things with Corn-husks and Pine-cones, and Picture Shapes Pose in a New Way under the Old Lilies and Roses and Gold Buttercups

HATS FROM WATERS

THE old-fashioned flower-laden hat in leghorn and in horsehair straw has come back to us from out of the past, and, true to type, it is trimmed with collections of flowers in striking combinations of vivid colours. White and purple lilacs are used with sprays of wistaria, and large flowers, such as tiger-lilies, pond-lilies, and even callas are used on the larger shapes. The flower-covered crown is particularly adopted by the young girl. For instance, a hat of a delicate lavender horsehair straw which shines like silver in the sunlight, has a crown of old-fashioned pinks. For the older woman, black lace is shown for midsummer—not, as one might think, in an all-lace hat, but as a softening for the harshness of white leghorn. It also is used to veil the coloured flowers of the large summer hat that is stiff in line, rather than the floppy one for the young girl.

Odd materials are making their appearance in the midsummer hats. Corn-husks that have been dried in the sun and hand painted make an ideal turban. They are light and, when woven together, are fashioned into a most durable hat. Softly draped turbans and brim hats, either mushroom in shape or with turned brims, are shown in shaggy felts or in long-haired silk duvety. They are used for country sports wear and are pretty in colours as well as in black, white, beige, and grey. Metal cloth veiled in tulle is one of the newest combinations of materials used in the small hats. But the most practical as well as popular material is taffeta which is used for hats of every size. Certain turbans have been effectively treated with heavy embroidery of dull coloured linen threads.

FANCIES IN FEATHERS

Feather hats will undoubtedly be seen throughout the summer. The uncurled ostrich feathers are, perhaps, most frequently used. Glycerine ostrich and clipped ostrich tips are used on the large summer hats. For instance, in a



One can spend a pleasant hour at tea under a group of giddy orange and black tiger-lilies which, wisely enough, bloom on the brim of a mushroom-shaped hat in dark blue straw. To match their gay existence, the brim is faced with orange

large shape of thin straw in lemon yellow, four tips in different colours entirely cover the crown, while the spines of these feathers are painted in vivid colour. An orchid coloured tip may have a vivid green spine, while a French blue tip may have a cerise spine. These effects are most striking. Tappé, as another novelty, is making a number of smart hats with wreaths of fruit,—lemons, oranges, cherries, grapes, and other hot-house products. One of the smartest and most striking examples of new trimming is the use of Scotch thistles on a lace straw of large dimensions. And for the welcome of the Rainbow Division, one designer has especially created a lovely hat in flesh colour trimmed all over the brim with clusters of heads of wheat in all the delicate shades of the rainbow.

A BECOMING SHAPE IN LACE STRAW

The large mushroom shape for country wear is shown at one of the smartest shops in a lightly woven lace straw. In black it is particularly stunning and is bound around the crown with black gros-grain ribbon which is finished with a smart tailored bow.

Even lighter and airier than lace straw shapes are the latest tams of tulle. These novel hats, worn high on the head and back from the face, are made of a succession of tulle strips which have clipped edges. The effect of the clipping is to give a becoming unevenness to the silhouette of the hat.

In the world of veils, the large open-mesh veil without scrolls or large dots is considered the smartest. If one looks closely, one can see that the figure or dot is made of the same thread as the veil itself rather than of chenille or velvet. The conspicuous figure and grotesque-looking dots seem to have disappeared, for the present at least, and the new veils are very becoming to both older and younger women.



Destined for many a saucy adventure is this piquant flat hat in natural leghorn faced with Copenhagen blue. The distracting ear-laps are made of quaint flowers, and blue ribbons loop under the chin and hang on either side, dangling a jet bead

(Below) The best possible way to use a dainty profile is to put it beneath a poke bonnet all flesh coloured Georgette crêpe as to brim and all rose, pink, and Copenhagen blue as to crown. A bit of blue ribbon ties gaily in the front



Clustered on this toque of brown tulle is a sophisticated group of pine-cones which bob merrily between sprays of fir equally and as charmingly sophisticated. All the natural shades of brown may be found in these amusing trimmings



HATS FROM WATERS

(Left) The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, have a great deal to do with the case of this large straight-brimmed shape of blue straw, for, since they happen to be tiny black and yellow buttercups, they cluster all over the brim in many sprays. Corn coloured stalks and ribbon finish the pastoral picture

(Right) This daring jockey-like turban has a versatile turned-up brim, of course, of dark brown straw and light tan canvas. Two quills of each shade tip off at a saucy right angle to the brim



IN THE FLOWER ART OF JAPAN,

IMAGINATION CREATES SYMBOLS

WHICH MAY BRING BEAUTY AND

POETRY TO EVERYDAY LIFE

FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS BY CADIEUX COMPANY



To the small person of the Orient, seated on his cushion, the floor lamp of scented wood is like a tall sentinel. The Occidental, however, living at greater heights, places it upon a table to get the proper perspective. Golden mimosa, like captured sunshine, is combined with pansies in an old Chinese temple bronze. Pansies may symbolize the surface of the sky mirrored in the lake of the bowl

(Below) The charm of an exquisite bit of natural scenery is brought within a small space by a tiny garden like the miniature gardens of Japan surrounding a famous temple in replica. The Japanese would always include a tall pointed rock to remind him of his beloved Fuji, while the pine-tree brought into a room symbolizes long life and strength. When used with plum-blossoms and bamboo, it forms the New Year's greeting

Baron de Meyer



A fairy skiff of jade green, a Chinese porcelain of the Ming period, is laden with good wishes for a guest arriving from overseas. It has a leaf for a sail, and a golden calla carries out the thought of greeting



THE HONOURED PLANTS OF JA-

PAN WITH SOME LOVELY OBJECT

OF ORIENTAL ART MAY INSPIRE

OUR OWN FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

The emblem of the spring of life is the budding maple-tree. When it is used in flower arrangements it stands for happiness. That is why the Japanese like to bring it into the home—not a big tree, of course, but a little dwarf maple-tree two and a half feet high like this one growing in a pot. In contrast to small people and decorative tiny temples, overgrown with moss, it has huge proportions

(Below) If a moon were caught and brought to earth, it could be no prettier than this Celestial arrangement. The cloisonné lantern has a globe-shaped shade—like a full moon to Japanese eyes—and just where it may catch the silver rays, a golden calla rests in a bronze bowl. This is placed in a curious bronze holder called a kubari. It is carved to resemble wood and is the favourite support for all cut flowers in Japan



Baron de Meyer

This strange orchid in his old iron temple jar is treated with great awe, for he is one of the "five gentlemen" of the Flowery Kingdom. The others are peach-blossom, bamboo, wistaria, and chrysanthemum



The smart tweed riding-habit at the left is of English tailoring. The flared coat at the right is especially correct for town use; habits from Hertz. The capacious coat is full enough for any sort of riding, and is from Wetzel.

BOOT, SADDLE, to HORSE ACCORDING to the MODE



A modish sailor with a brim correctly narrow is a smart detail.

The Joy of Breezing Along the Bridle-Path

Is Trebled by a Perfectly Appointed Habit

By MARIE LOUISE THOMPSON

THERE is no sport in which the matter of correctness plays so important a part as in riding. The way a woman sits her horse is as true an index of breeding, or lack of breeding, as is her manner of speech or her method of dining. Riding has always been the sport of the gentlewoman; but to ride as a gentlewoman, one must ride correctly. This ability is largely a matter of beginning in the right way, and the beginnings of the horsewoman who rides in Central Park or hunts at Meadow Brook usually date back to her early youth; for, as in the case of almost every other accomplishment, the woman who rides best does so, as a rule, because she was initiated into this sport while very young.

LEARNING TO RIDE BOTH WAYS

To-day, the genuine horsewoman has mastered the sport of riding both side-saddle and astride. For country, many women prefer riding astride, but for town riding the side-saddle is undoubtedly more dignified and graceful. Little girls nowadays are taught first how to ride astride like little boys, and are then initiated into the mystery of riding with a side-saddle. In the photographs on the opposite page, several youthful members of well-known New York families may be seen riding their ponies in approved fashion.

One of the most interesting things to observe is the suggestion of companionship between horse and rider, and this is an important point. In selecting a horse for a child, one should always

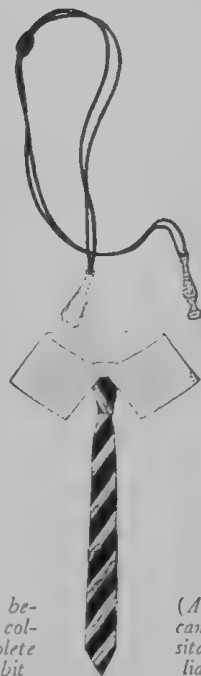
look particularly for the disposition which makes a horse a congenial companion. This obviates any inclination the small rider may have to be afraid, and helps to establish the mutual confidence which is one of the essentials of good horsemanship.

It is important that a child be dressed just as correctly for riding as for any other part of the daily routine. On the opposite page are illus-

trated different types of habits for girls. At the lower left is a country outfit. The soft hat and the coat, of a trifle shorter cut than one sees in the more formal habits, afford the freedom needed for country life. Any closely woven wool material with a finish which is not too soft, is appropriate for such a habit. Puttees are regarded by some people as being more comfortable than boots and are entirely correct with such a costume as this. While this habit is intended primarily for country wear, it is also appropriate for the more formal ride in the park.

The photograph at the top of page 63 shows a more formal outfit. The stiff hat, the longer coat, and the boots give an appearance a bit more elaborate. The soft collars which are worn in both costumes are always suitable for a child. Stiff Eton collars, like the one in the small sketch on this page, are even more youthful and are considered very smart also.

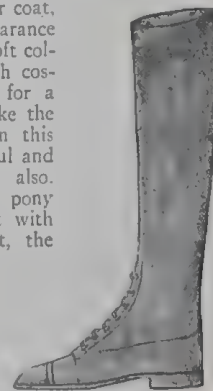
The girl on the spotted pony wears the side-saddle habit with the conventional sailor-hat, the



A boyish and becoming Eton collar may complete a child's habit.

(Above) A swift canter will necessitate using a reliable hat-guard.

Field boots are suitable for hunting and country wear; from Turtill and Lloyd.



straight coat, and the essential safety skirt. In case of accident, a slight pull unfastens the snap closing at the back of the skirt, thus obviating the danger of its catching on the saddle so that the rider is dragged. With the safety skirt and the proper saddle, the child is as safe as if she were astride.

HABITS OF FLAWLESS TAILORING

Whether for a child or an adult, a habit must be flawless in fit. This is a point which brooks no compromise. In the large sketch on the opposite page appear an English astride habit and a side-saddle habit from a smart New York habit-maker. The cross-saddle habit at the left has a tweed coat and breeches, which may be made of the same material, of antelope skin, or of checked worsted which repeats the colourings of the quiet-toned coats. The latter is cut without a seam of any kind at the waist-line,—a detail characteristic of the truly smart habit, which is always a thing of long unbroken lines. The real test of the habit-maker's skill, however, is the fit of the breeches about the knee.

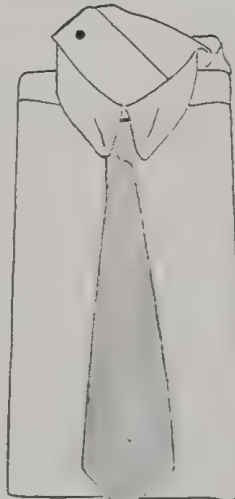
This is correct for country wear, but the side-saddle habit at the right is really the smarter for town wear. The habit consists of a coat and safety skirt of briar-proof serge, whipcord, or twillette. Though not so long as to skirt, the coat has many of the other characteristics of the one belonging to the astride habit.

Attention is directed to the derby hat which tops this outfit. It is not too low and flat nor too wide of brim. The correct derby for riding is shaped exactly like a boy's hat. In fact, many of the smartest women riders wear boys' derbies. A well-shaped straw sail— with a brim which is correctly narrow is also an accepted mode, and, with a silk or linen shirt with a turn-over collar of the same material, a four-in-hand tie, and dogskin gloves completes a well-appointed outfit. For summer, one may wear gloves of washable doeskin, which are soft and quite correct. A soft hat is appropriate for the country, but never looks smart in the park. A riding-hat, be it sailor or derby, must never be so small that it cannot come down well on the head. Shown

For the girl who rides in town, the stiff hat and the boots contribute to a well-appointed habit



Smart accessories include white gloves to accompany the habit for exhibition riding



A mannish silk or linen shirt is correctly worn with a turn-over collar and a four-in-hand tie



With the formal evening habit, a white collar and a black tie are the correct things



in the small sketch on the opposite page is the correct guard for wear with a hat. It is of silk in either black or dark colours, and the ends are of correspondingly coloured metal.

In the large sketch on page 62 appears a top-coat of a composition of white linen and rubber, which is very smartly cut. The sleeves are set in the raglan fashion, and the coat is quite full, with capacious pockets. In the front there is an extra flap stitched down beneath one edge of the coat. This flap widens toward the bottom, allowing sufficient span to button the coat when the wearer is seated on the horse and thus giving most adequate protection when in actual service. All top-coats are cut on lines very much the same as these, but with at this extra flap. They are worn in the street over the riding-habit.

BOOTS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS

A woman may wear tan boots in the morning, but never by any chance for show riding or in the evening, when either dull black or patent leather boots are essential. With the costume at the right in this sketch are worn patent leather boots, which are in good form for formal afternoon wear, as well as for evening. Puttees may be worn in the morning, but they are never so smart as boots. Field boots, like those in the small sketch at the lower right on page 62, are correct and comfortable for hunting or country wear. No matter what the type of boot, the heel should always be low.

With the riding-habit, the simple cutting whip, like that sketched just below, or a bamboo stick is very smart. A crop is never correct without the hunting throng. Any simple pin for the tie is appropriate.

The conventional silk or top-hat should always be worn for exhibition riding in the evening with white gloves, a white stock or stiff collar, and a black tie, like those sketched on this page. The evening habit should always be of black or very dark oxford. The hair should always be plain. The knot is held securely in place by a net of crocheted silk the colour of the hair, like that in the sketch at the left on page 62.



Paul Thompson

Especially adapted to country wear, although it may also be worn in the park, is a riding-habit with a rather short coat and a soft hat

A cutting whip to accompany the habit is smart



This detail belongs to the correct riding-suit

With the conventional sailor-hat, a straight coat, and the essential safety skirt, the side-saddle habit is both safe and trim



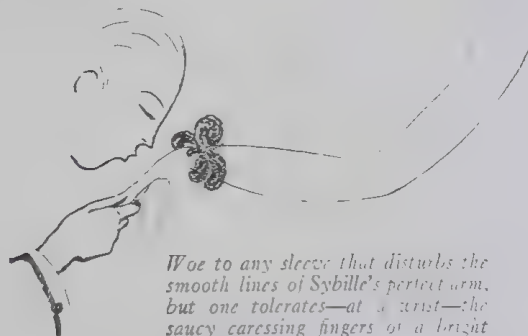
Green ostrich-plumes dart and foam madly about the diamond chain that holds them in a collar to match a mad and negligently undressed coiffure

A FEATHER WITH MORE THAN A FEATHER'S WEIGHT

In the Hands of That Accomplished Coquette, the Parisienne, Feathers Do Their Bewitching Best to Atone for The Present Smart Deficiencies of Sleeves and Bodices



If one can not forget prudence in a day of sleeveless gowns, there is, fortunately, the brilliant peacock feather to wrap its shielding strands around and around a white arm



Woe to any sleeve that disturbs the smooth lines of Sybille's perfect arm, but one tolerates—at a wrist—the saucy caressing fingers of a bright green ostrich feather or two



Since bodices leave such quantities of unclaimed space, feathers run riot in distracting collars of fine wisping plumes, and any number of aigrettes dart above and below the head



If one is of a romantic turn of mind, it is a very simple matter indeed to rise like Undine from beneath a marvellous fountain spray of glycerine ostrich held by gold cord

THOUSANDS of inventions have their inspiration in that coquetry which is permitted to woman and to which every charming woman aspires. At present it is an array of ornaments for the neck and wrists; we had resumed some time ago the fashion of bracelets, supple chains or links of diamonds; at the present moment we are under the spell of a fancy for making these arm ornaments of feathers or braids.

There are infinite variations of this novel theme; sometimes the ornament consists of three or five short ostrich-plumes sewn to a very narrow elastic, barely a half-centimetre wide, which is covered by a slim thread of silver. These plumes are set

each at a different angle, so that they stand out about the wrist or above the elbow, as the fair wearer may chance to fancy.

About the neck are worn similar bizarre ornaments of plumes, a veritable "wild Indian" adornment or like one of those dog-collars with great nails and a fringe of bristling hair at either edge. Naturally the woman of fashion would not permit her chin and shoulders to be scratched by rough stiff hairs, but she has adapted this idea in very clever fashion. On either edge of a narrow band of jet, she sets a row of plumes, one drooping, the other rising to frame her face.

(Continued on page 103)

THE RAINBOW BALL WAS
GIVEN AT SHERRY'S TO
BRING AID TO A WELL-
KNOWN NEW YORK CHARITY

The Rainbow Ball was given at Sherry's on April 21 for the benefit of St. Ambrose Community Centre, an Italian settlement house on the upper East Side. It was organized by a group of society maids and matrons who take an active interest in this guild work. Eight enthusiastic workers, sellers of programmes or members of tableaux, appear at the right. In the back row, reading from left to right, are Miss Betty Franks, Mrs. George McNear, Miss Harriet McKim, and Miss Priscilla Taylor; in the front row, Miss Edith Pratt, Miss Melissa Yuille, Miss Sheila Byrne, and Miss Katherine Kent. The programme vendors were clad in rainbow gowns of chiffon, and, to further carry out the rainbow idea, the room was darkened many times during the evening, and the dancing continued in paths of rainbow light that fell across the darkness.



Marcia Silcox



Marcia Silcox



Davis and Sanford

(Left) Mrs. Stephen C. Clark was one of the most energetic members of the committee to which is due the glory of the Rainbow Ball, a benefit that made a goodly offering.

Miss Betty Jackson was another enthusiastic "Rainbow Girl." She is one of the popular debutantes of the season and has been entertained recently in many delightful ways.



Baron de Meyer

MRS. LEONARD M. THOMAS

Mrs. Thomas is one of the women of the younger generation in New York who have interested themselves keenly in fostering and encouraging the art movements of our day. Lately she has been taking a creator's share in such movements, and a book of her poems has just made

its appearance. There is talk, too, of a play of hers which will shortly see the light. Mrs. Thomas's residence in New York is proof of her excellent taste in matters of decoration, for it is generally conceded to be one of the best conceived American houses in the Italian style

AFTER-WAR WAYS TO "CARRY-ON"

At a dinner held by the National League for Women's Service in the Hotel Biltmore not so very long ago, Theodore Roosevelt opened his speech by saying, "If I did not believe in this organization, I would not be here to-night." The three hundred thousand women who are its members believe in it so much that they are loath to leave it now that war no longer presses them to service. Something has happened to women as well as to men that has lifted their always latent fineness into a sort of restless prominence that refuses to be satisfied with an abrupt dismissal and a long and slumbering end.

But they need not leave—there is plenty of service to keep them with the League; that is one of the wonderful discoveries brought about by war. All the eleven branches of the League have more than a mere excuse for permanence. There is still a great demand for just such earnest work as they have contributed for the past two years. Women who have glimpsed the tragedy of lives far removed from their own and who have learned to travel the bridge between the two, realize that their League has started work that it would be actually wrong to stop. Plans are being very eagerly discussed for adapting war organizations to civil needs.

THE VALUE OF THE SOCIAL CLUB

It is remarkable just how easy in some cases this transition from war to civil activities can be. The future work of the Social and Welfare Branch of the League lies so close to its past that the two are almost blended. The value of the work done by the League woman through the social clubs is impossible to overestimate. They have done for strange and lonely men the many small intimate things that mean home. From sewing on buttons to Christmas shopping, from listening warm-heartedly to tales of homesickness and unhappiness to going down to the piers to wave them their last good-byes, those splendid women have, as far as possible, provided the substitute for a family and have kept in the hearts and minds of our men an ideal of American womanhood worth fighting for. One of the heads of such a club in New York City was talking one evening to a boy who had been coming to the club very regularly, and during their conversation she observed that she was glad to find how many of the boys thought of the club as a sort of second home. The boy looked at her a second, then said earnestly, "Good God, don't you know this is the only home some of us ever had!"

When these men and boys are no longer soldiers
(Continued on page 99)



PAUL T. JONES



Friendly faces, bright silver, and trim combs have done their charming best to create a home atmosphere for the soldier man. Through his eager initiative, the club at 201 Madison Avenue is being transformed into a memorial club—a club for ex-service men.

One of the most delicate and gracious services that have been and will be performed by the National League is the distribution of flowers and collies throughout the hospital wards, and it has proved touchingly successful.

WOMEN WHO, IN OTHER COUNTRIES, HAVE TAKEN NOTABLE
AND NOBLE PARTS IN THE GREAT THEATRE OF THE WAR



Lorens, Petrograd

Mrs. David Leavitt Hough, who was formerly Miss Heloise Beekman, is the wife of Major Hough, and at the outbreak of the war was one of the most popular young matrons then living in Petrograd. She unhesitatingly donned a uniform and volunteered in the hastily equipped hospitals there. This severe training, her ready sympathy, and adaptability fitted her for the arduous task which she later undertook, that of taking charge of a surgical ward and operating room. She has returned to her native land, which is the United States, and is living in New York with her husband, Major Hough



Rochlitz Studio

Marie Henriette d'Anasieff was born in Petrograd and is the only daughter of Louba de Berg, née de Poggenpohl, and Feodor Mikhailovitch de Berg. Distinguished bearers of both the names d'Anasieff and de Poggenpohl have been for generations in the confidence of the Czars. Like most of the officers who remained loyal in their allegiance to the Czar, her husband, Alexei Petrovitch d'Anasieff, passed through a serious and hazardous period with the revolutionists, and, abandoning everything, he fled with his family to America. Here Madame d'Anasieff has been giving a series of most delightful and successful "causeries"



Campbell

Madame Tausslieb, who is an American woman and formerly Mrs. Trenor Park, has been in her country for a short visit. Her husband, General Tausslieb, who commanded the troops that took the hill of Mort-Homme, was made commander of the Légion d'Honneur after the battle of Verdun. Madame Tausslieb turned her beautiful Chateau d'Annel into the Ambulance of the Allies in 1914. Here she carried on a wonderful work, assisted by American friends who kept the hospital well supplied. For these splendid services, she received the Croix de Guerre and Médaille d'Or from the French Government and the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem from the English



Baron de Meyer

MARTHA HEDMAN

After several years' disappearance from New York and some time spent travelling in the West, Martha Hedman has returned and brought joy to all who remember her in that most successful play—"The Boomerang." She made her re-

appearance in a comedy entitled "Three for Diana." In it she is a dangerously fascinating young widow, and the mysterious "Three" for Diana, one finds—quite without surprise—to be husbands and considerably complicate matters

S E E N o n t h e S T A G E

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

AT a quick-lunch-counter—particularly of the “automat” variety—it is seemly enough to snatch a sandwich without saying, “By your leave”; but whenever a sumptuous banquet is magnificently set before us, something ancestral in our make-up requires us to say a grace before meat. The American theatre, for the most part, may be compared to a quick-lunch-counter, since nearly all the plays that it presents may be swiftly seen and speedily dismissed; but, now and then, some magnificent repast is set forth by such a manager as Arthur Hopkins, and, on these all too rare occasions, it behoves the critic to approach the matter with a sense of ceremony.

Two quotations—like deep bells tolling from afar—are ringing in the ears of the present commentator as he attempts the task of rendering a record of the quickening impression made upon the mind by the recent production in New York of “La Cena delle Beffe,”—a tragedy by Sem Benelli, known in English as “The Jest.” The first of these is a refrain borrowed by Robert Louis Stevenson from some anonymous old poet and recorded in “The Amateur Emigrant,”—“Out of my country and myself I go.” The other is that passage in Robert Browning’s “By the Fireside” which begins with the enchanting lines, “And we slope to Italy at last, and youth, by green degrees,” and climbs to a climax in the great ejaculation, “Oh, woman-country, wooed not wed; loved all the more by earth’s male-lands; laid to their hearts instead!”

The love of Italy is as personal as the love of youth and as poignant as the love of woman; and though, in these days—to judge from the outpourings of the daily press—Italy is regarded merely as a political entity disfavoured by the President of the United States in its age-old argument against the Austrians of yesterday, the Jugo-Slavs of the moment, no man whose soul has ever in his youth been nourished at the breast of Browning’s “woman-country” can ever keep up a rhetorical pretense of discussing any project of Italian art in a spirit of aloofness.

“Out of my country and myself I go.” . . . In no other region of the European world is it possible to escape so easily from one’s habitual anchorage in self-centredness as in this land replete with many pasts. “And we slope to Italy at last, and youth, by green degrees.” . . . Here we find the explanation of the miracle; for Italy and youth are interchangeable when regarded as milestones in the progress of the spirit.

Many thousands of Americans have been to Italy; and most of us who have followed the road to Rome have been wise enough to make the pilgrimage when we were young. Youth is the proper time to buy a donkey and to roam among the towered towns of Umbria and Tuscany in search of far forgotten frescoes by nameless makers of Madonnas. Youth is the time to fall in love with the lithe and lissom hands

of Filipino Lippi’s maidens, and the faces of Ghirlandaio’s little boys, and the mightiness of Michelangelo. For all of us who have been privileged to go to Italy when we were young, it will nevermore be possible to slope to Italy again without sloping back to youth, by green degrees.

The signal triumph of the American production of “La Cena delle Beffe” was not so much that it took us back to Italy as that it took us back to youth. “Out of our country and ourselves we went”: we left the electric-lighted region of Times Square and were wafted overseas to lose ourselves in the sharper-shadowed and more wondrous region of the Renaissance in Florence. But, also, when the curtain rose, we doffed the incubus of our accumulated years and dashed back at a gallop to the time when we were young. Mr. James Montgomery Flagg is reported to have said, between the acts on the occasion of the first performance, “This is the first time that I have felt like a kid in a dozen years.” If this record be authentic, Mr. Flagg should be complimented for his soundness as a critic of the drama. Since criticism—according to the formula of Anatole France—may be defined as the record of a soul’s adventures among masterpieces, any work which can force the soul to enjoy the miracle of rejuvenation must be accepted as a masterpiece.

Italy, of course, can always make us young; but Italy—as Secretary Baker has reminded us—is three thousand miles away. Youth, for most of us, is further away than that; yet we do not find it difficult to swim the seas and slope back at the beckoning of such a dramatist as Sem Benelli.

Another reason why “La Cena delle Beffe” takes us back to youth is not merely that it beckons us to Italy—for some of us, alas, have never visited San Gimignano delle Belle Torri—but that it also allures us to the contemplation of a region of romance that can not be punctuated by any ticking of the clock. As methods for distilling and recording the quintessence of experience, Realism and Romance must be regarded as commensurably equable. It is possible, through the exercise of either method, to tell the truth and to engrave it upon granite. But, whenever a toss-up occurs between the two, it is safer to bet upon Romance if there is any question of longevity. The realist, as he improves his method, is inclined more and more to centre his attention upon the meticulous task of depicting the manners of his own country in his own time. But, in proportion as he focusses the scope of his attention, he sacrifices the unlimited appeal to the receptive many who consider life at



Pach

(Above) Helen Westley, as all who saw her with the Washington Square Players well know, makes a lovely Dona Sirena in “Bonds of Interest”



Abb

(Left) Eileen Huhban, the latest star in the Belasco firmament, makes a delightful Irish lassie in “Dark Rosaleen,” a new play by Whitford Kane



Pach

Helen Freeman plays Sylvia in “Bonds of Interest,” a translated Spanish play on the theme of “Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford” and presented as a first offering by the Theatre Guild



Beffa" and appeared in the part that is now depicted by John Barrymore. This French production was also signally successful. Any American manager might have produced "The Jest" in New York at any time within the last ten years. It is a known fact that several of our best-known impresarios considered the undertaking and decided, one by one, that, since "The Jest" was obviously a great play, the public could not be trusted to patronize it. The main reason why it was staged this spring is that John Barrymore desired ardently to appear upon Broadway in a cast that should also contain his brother, Lionel, and insisted on the withdrawal of Tolstoi's "Redemption," which was playing to an excellent business, in order to give Lionel his chance. To this arrangement, so contrary to precedent, Arthur Hopkins readily agreed. At the first performance, the audience cheered the actors and the play; and the piece has crowded the Plymouth Theatre ever since. At every repetition, many disappointed people are turned away from the box-office. The success of the production was instantaneous and absolute; and the commentator is moved to wonder whether another decade will be allowed to elapse before our managers will dare to offer us some other great play of foreign authorship which is accepted as a masterpiece in Europe. How long, for instance, will we have to wait for an American production of "The Red Robe" of Brieux—which is mentioned as merely one of a score of modern European plays that can not fail to make money for an American manager who is able and willing to look beyond his nose?

"The Jest" is popular because it permits our theatregoing public to worship at the shrine of a trinity whose all-but-holy names are Youth, Romance, and Italy,—three in one and one in three. The piece is gorgeously romantic and gloriously young. Each of its four acts crowds

(Continued on page 93)

Abbe

large without glancing at the clock and are as willing to accept an unauthenticated tale of Patagonia as a record of experience in a boarding-house in Forty-fourth Street.

Under spell of the enthusiasm of the moment, I am willing to venture the assertion that "The Jest" is the most entrancing play that has been shown in the American theatre since "Cyrano de Bergerac." This verdict may be controverted by those commentators who are born to be realists; but the present writer—for better or for worse—was born to be romantic. In the case of this dichotomy, no reasonable argument is possible; for the lion and the lamb have clearly been summoned to lie down together, and no single critic can determine whether Realism or Romance should be labelled as the lion or the lamb. But this subtle and left-handed argument may be obtruded,—that Realism can not slope us back so easily to youth, by green degrees, as Romance, whenever the latter has found a voice for adequate expression. And "La Cena delle Beffe" is one of those perennial romantic plays that appear to have been written, it might be said, "not of an age but for all time."

"THE JEST"

THE Italian poet, Sem Benelli, has been known to our American public for several seasons as the author of the popular romantic opera, "The Love of the Three Kings." He was only twenty-five years old when "La Cena delle Beffe" was first produced in Rome, precisely ten years ago. It took the capital by storm; a second company was organized for Florence; and in these two cities the piece ran simultaneously for hundreds and hundreds of nights. Since then, it has been acted in every town of the peninsula and has never left the Italian stage. In 1910, Sarah Bernhardt produced the play in Paris under the title of "La

John Barrymore, as the beautiful and youthful painter of Madonnas in "The Jest," adds one more remarkably perfect piece of acting to the lengthening list of his successes. This play of Florentine tragedy is proving the sensation of the season.

As the terrible "Neri" in "The Jest," Lionel Barrymore has won a place of fame for himself beside his brother. His handling of this unlikely character is so remarkable that the audience has a sigh of real pity for his well-deserved but ghastly ruin.



Abbe



ANN D. JENNY

Blanche Bates, as Madame de Montespan

The Intriguing Heroine of "Molière," Philip Moeller's Successful Comedy at the Liberty



Olive Russell is a dancer from Cleveland, who has lately been making something of a sensation in New York at social and charity entertainments. Although an amateur, Miss Russell has challenged favorable comparison—in her East Indian and oriental dances—with the best professional performers of our day

The Ostermoor School of Drama

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE bed seems to be, to the farce of the moment, what the custard pie was to the early moving pictures—the entire plot. All season long the center of the Broadway stage has been held by some sort of bed—single, double, or twin, it didn't matter, just so long as it was a bed. The Rule is simple! If there is only a bed in it, then the play is a success.

"Keep It To Yourself" and "A Sleepless Night" lasted until the breaking-up of a hard season. "Up in Mabel's Room," "Tumble In" and "Please Get Married" are still with us, and another one, "Nightie Night," is even now headed towards New York. No wonder that the playwrights are considering wearing buttons that bear the legend, "No bed, no farce."

In the light of all this, it would seem that the most pathetic incident in the life of William Shakespeare has been generally misinterpreted by his biographers. The playwright was a shrewd theatrical man and he realized that there was little money in Shakespearean drama. Robert Mantell had not yet been born. And so, when the bard came to make a will to protect Mrs. Shakespeare, he made no mention of "Hamlet" and "Othello" and the rest. Instead of that, he left her his second best bed. Unfortunately, he died before he could complete the farce to go with the bed, and Anne Hathaway seemed lacking in the slight amount of initiative which would have enabled her to capitalize the legacy.

One or two biographers have been puzzled

by the phrase "second best bed." A few have gone wrong on this and accused Shakespeare of being niggardly, but recent researches have cleared him. The best bed was an old-fashioned four-poster. The second best was a folding bed and, naturally, this was selected since it afforded an opportunity for a "sure fire" second act in which one of the comic characters might be caught in the contrivance and smothered to death.

Selecting the Style of Beds

THE technique of modern playwrighting has been enormously simplified. It is reported from Cambridge, for instance, that Professor George Pierce Baker is to be allowed to resign from English 47 and that the playmaking course will be conducted, next semester, by Professor Ostermoor.

Only one important and difficult decision remains to be made by every playwright before he puts a pen to paper. It is obvious that the dramatist is working in the dark until he can make up his mind whether he will use twin beds in the second act, or the conventional double.

There is a new school arising which favors the three-quarter bed, but this has not yet received recognition from any of our more prominent dramatic critics. After a decision has been reached as to the size and number of the beds to be employed not much remains for the playwright. With the technical work disposed of, the task of finishing is quite simple.

Although the bedroom farce has been hereabouts for several seasons, some of us are not yet quite acclimated. Young men who were brought up in a good home atmosphere, and taught never to enter a bed-room without knocking, have been known to exclaim audibly "Oh, I beg pardon" at the beginning of the second act. Others have an uncomfortable feeling that they have forgotten a tooth brush. There is also possible cause for embarrassment to young men not so properly brought up. Sometimes, for instance, they betray themselves by inordinate merriment at almost pointless quips. When a reason is demanded, it is difficult to explain that the line brings to mind the original joke which you heard at Jones's bachelor dinner. It is also considered unwise to remark "That's a peignoir, isn't it?" Young men had better refer to all loose garments as tea gowns, and let it go at that.

In certain respects the bedroom farce deserves the endorsement of all the Purity Leagues in the country. In no form of play is virtue so consistently upheld as in an American bedroom farce. The players may be called upon to go through fire but they come out all unscathed. These farces teach us that we should never look askance at the lady in pajamas who is found hiding under, in, or over the bed of a gentleman. The evidence against her may be black. In her innocence she may employ words which might well be used against her in court, but, depend upon it, she is either hypnotized or walking in her sleep.



Edith Taliaferro and her pajamas appear together with great success in the heroine's rôle of "Please Get Married," the successful farce at the Fulton Theatre

BACHRACH



SARGENT

These elaborate *créations de nuit* of Hazel Dawn's are the cause of the many perplexing complications in the involved plot of "Up in Mabel's Room"



BACHRACH

Peggy O'Neil occupies these pajamas in the new musical comedy, "Tumble In"



WHITE

Evelyn Gosnell is the exponent of an entirely new species of nightwear in Otto Harbach's and Wilson Collison's comedy, playing at the Eltinge Theatre



WHITE

Peggy Hopkins' retiring robe made things a good deal more difficult in "A Sleepless Night," which recently concluded its successful New York run at the Bijou Theatre

The Rage for Pajama Ladies, on Our Stage

The New Comedies All Seem to Be of the Bedroom Variety

The Super-Novelists

Suggestions for a League for the Restraint of Popular Authors

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE question before the house is, What about the novelist? That is to say, what are we—the people who pay for his bread and butter and gasoline—going to allow him to get away with? Or, putting it a little differently, which is the boss, the novelist or the public? It is a question that needs instant attention, for every day the tendency of the novelist to get above himself grows greater.

This is what we get for feeding them meat.

NOVELISTS may be divided into two classes. There is the ordinary novelist, the straightforward, horny-handed dealer in narrative, who is perfectly content to turn out his two books a year, on the understanding—a gentleman's agreement between himself and his public—that he reserves movie rights and is allowed an occasional photograph in the papers of himself and his pet dog. This class gives no trouble at all.

Complications arise when we come to the other class, the super-novelists, of which species the Messrs. H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett may be taken as the best examples. Are these men, on the strength of having entertained us in the past, to be permitted to run our lives for us?

The trouble with the super-novelist is that he won't stay put. He refuses to remain labelled. And it is absolute pain to the public not to be able to label anybody. I read James Braid's "Advanced Golf" with pleasure and interest, in what might be called a reverent and prayerful spirit. What would be my feelings if some enterprising publisher suddenly shot at me James Braid's "God, the Invisible King"? I should feel defrauded. And it is this fraud that the super-novelists are perpetrating all the time.

Arnold Bennett is a particularly bad example. He began by writing stories about women with Titian colored hair being found in pools of blood on the doormat. None of his characters ever went to bed; they spent the night listening to one other give low, sinister whistles or watching one other climb into windows with masks on. They handled revolvers with the careless ease with which the ordinary man handles an umbrella. I put Arnold Bennett on my list of reliable authors, and had my order in for "Clayhanger" directly it was announced among Forthcoming Novels. I can still remember skimming its pages for the corpse, and my disappointment when the only character who died did it in his bed after about four hundred pages of preparation.

And then, just as I had reluctantly accepted this new manner of his, he started writing tracts.

IT was just the same with H. G. Wells. Nothing was actually promised; there was no formal contract. But I was distinctly under the impression that, when I parted with my dollar fifty for a book with the Wells label, I was to receive in exchange at least one chunk



H. G. Wells has of late—under thin disguise as a fiction writer—been writing tracts dealing with such light fiction material as education, socialism and the life hereafter. The question is "Ought a man to pose as a novelist when he is, in reality, a super-schoolmaster?"

of illicit love; and I am bound to admit that for quite a while the man played fair. But to-day, if you buy a Wells, you are likely to get a treatise on a new religion or an inquiry into whether the public schools of England really educate.

The novelist makes out a case for himself. He says, in effect, "I am a brainy devil. This has been proved by the fact that my books have sold like hot cakes. The time has now come for me to discard the jam and give the public the pill without any trimmings. A novelist is a thinker. Why should he not be permitted to think? And, if he is permitted to think, why should he not print his thoughts?"

The argument is speciously sound, but it leaves out of account the fact that he is really obtaining money under false pretenses. He says to the public by suggestion: "Here's a little thing I've just done called 'Should Religion Be Religious?' Get it early before the rush." And, if the public hesitates, he says, "Well, please yourself. But don't forget how you liked my 'Mystery of the Man with the Missing Toe' and my 'Girl Who Shouldn't Have Done It.'"

"Oh, it's in the style of those, is it?" says the public, brightening up and reaching for its purse. "The title rather misled me for a moment."

"Well, I wrote it, didn't I?" says the novelist. "I can't say fairer than that. It isn't a slavish imitation of my previous successes, of course, but still you know me, Al."

And the public, digging down into its jeans,

discovers too late that it has been handed a citron.

This is all wrong, and there should be some way of preventing it. Sometimes even the titles are deliberately misleading. Arnold Bennett publishes a thing called "The Human Machine", and you think that he has at last returned to his early manner and is going to give you a hummer, full of dead bodies with hideous gashes all over them, and cries in the night, and so forth. The title practically tells the story, which, of course, will be a sort of modern Frankenstein: and the Human Machine will be a ghastly creation of some mad inventor, rather like the thing in "The Ape, The Idiot, and Other People", which has a brass ball instead of a head and went about the place strangling people. So you tumble over your feet in your hurry to get to the bookseller's, and, when you get home and unwrap your purchase, you find it is merely a few hints on how to be happy though living, and the most exciting thing in it is the bit where the author recommends you always to keep a diary.

MEN in other professions don't do this sort of thing. When you go to see Fred Stone, he does not pause in the act of falling backwards off a ladder to tell you that the time has come when the Golden Rule must be recognized as the guiding principle of life, or to give you a list of the books you should buy if you wish to form your literary taste. A hundred times he has been tempted to do it, but always a consideration for a public which has paid its money to see him in his familiar feats restrains him.

Similarly, your favorite after-dinner speaker, whose reputation is founded on an inimitable delivery of the lighter form of anecdote, seldom chills his audience by saying, "I am reminded, by a remark of the toast-master's, of a little story of an Irishman. It seems that this Irishman was walking down Broadway one day, and, just as he reached Forty-second Street, he was struck by the thought that the idea of God is one that has always been implanted in how-ever rudimentary a form in the mind of Man."

If other people can hold themselves in, why not novelists?

Part of the trouble is due to the fact that editors and publishers tempt these poor fellows. They offer them substantial cheques for their views on this subject and that, little realizing that they are helping to form a habit which, once acquired, is seldom cured without the extreme of discomfort and inconvenience. I have known quite blameless novelists, who never dreamed of expressing their opinions except through the mouths of their characters, start with gleaming eyes to pour out reams of the purest drivel simply because some editor has written to them, offering them a high rate per word for their comments on some public happening. It is always the same sad story. They tell you that just one expression of opinion won't hurt them, or that they can take it or leave it alone; but (Continued on page 91)



Louine, a Portrait by Malcolm Parcell

THIS is the subtle and beguiling canvas to which was awarded the Saltus Gold Medal at the Spring exhibition of the Academy of Design. It is a nocturne in gray greens, gray blues, yellow, and dull gold, with the

figure shown against a background of mysterious cliffs and trees. Mr. Malcolm Parcell—who is only twenty-three years of age—is a Pittsburgh painter. It is the first canvas which he has ever exhibited in New York.

Sensitive quality and clear colour characterize "Class Day," by Martin Mower, an artist held in esteem by collectors of note. He held his first New York exhibition in April at the Ehrlich Galleries



Peter A. Juley

Middle) Woman in her hours of ease has found few more sympathetic interpreters than Frieske, and his "Girl with the Work-Basket," from the Macbeth Gallery, is among his latest interpretations



Peter A. Juley

A R T

By MARION E. FENTON



Hartson

The portrait of Louise Colet was among the forty works which represented the great Courbet, founder of the Realistic School, in the centenary exhibition at the Metropolitan

ART, as artists have had occasion to note in the past four years, is classed among the luxuries of life, and hitherto it has yearly proved its kinship with wealth and ease by leaving New York at the first hint of coming summer. This year, however, Art seems not at all of that mind. Instead of ending, as all good art seasons have these many years, with the Spring Academy, the present season, brave in the return of peace, continues to produce exhibitions of note.

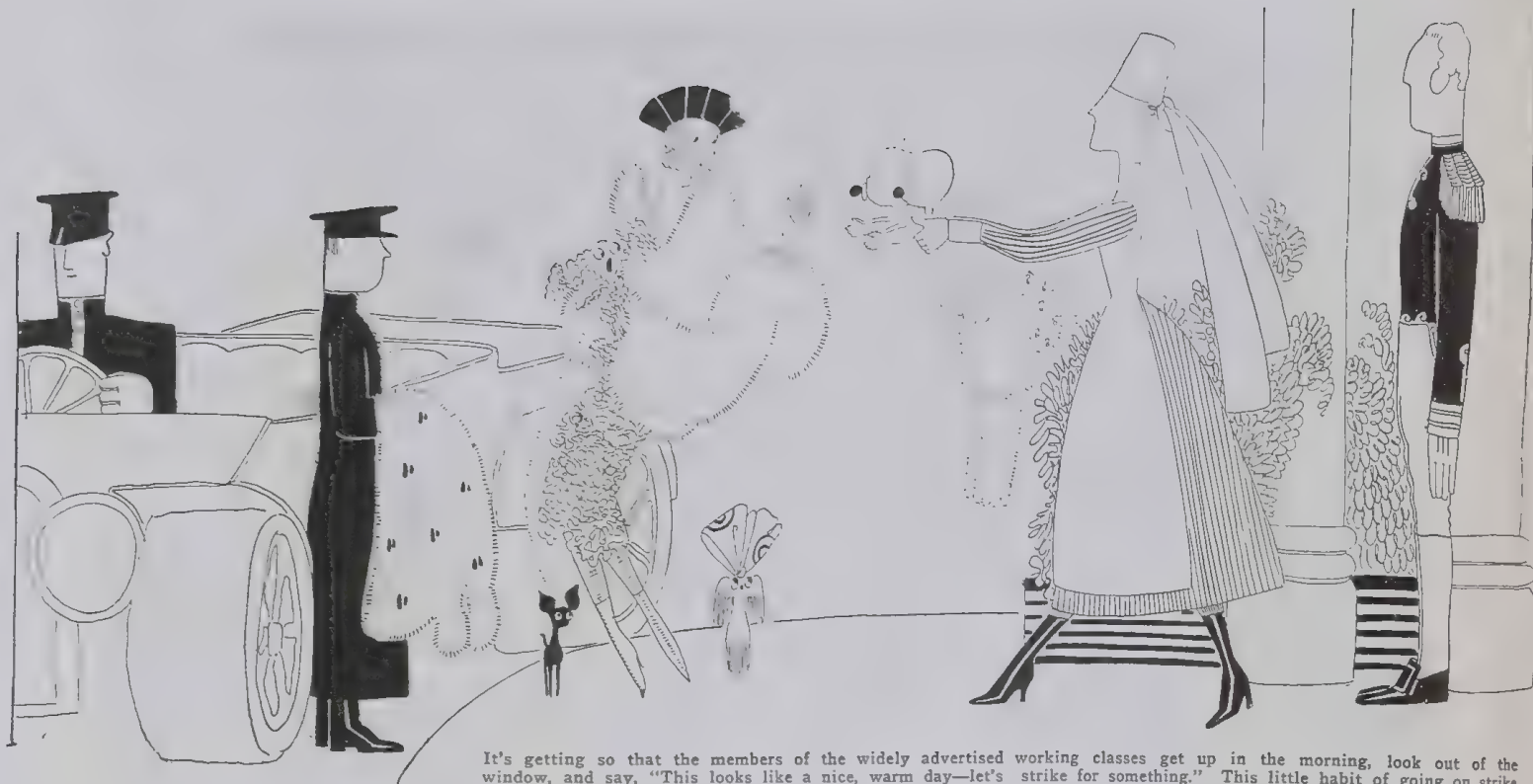
Among the events which have lent special interest to this late art season was the centenary



Among artists who transport us to fairyland by grace of delicate colour and a gift for suggesting rather than saying, is Guarino, whose works were recently on view at the Knoedler Gallery

exhibition of the works of Gustave Courbet, which was on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art until late in May. Courbet, one of those artists whose fate it is to be better known by the men they taught than by the pictures they painted, was the founder of the modern Realistic School and the master of half the artists of the following generation (Continued on page 102)

In "The Young Girl" appear that fine quality and clear sight which made Courbet and his school a great and sane influence on the modern art



It's getting so that the members of the widely advertised working classes get up in the morning, look out of the window, and say, "This looks like a nice, warm day—let's strike for something." This little habit of going on strike is like the cosmic urge, or the wanderlust, or the young man's fancy, or any of those things; it gets under way at this time of year, and there's simply no stopping it. Of course, a joke's a joke, and all that, but this strike thing is getting too near home to be really funny. Think, for instance, what it would mean if the nursemaids ever struck—why, the sanctity of the home would be completely ruined, and family life would go straight to the dogs. Here is a harrowing scene, one of the fearful tragedies incident to a strike of nursemaids. The nurse, just called out by her union, is returning her charges to mother, a lady with whom they have but the merest bowing acquaintance, thus utterly spoiling her afternoon at bridge

The Open Season for Strikes

If You Don't See What You Want, Strike for It

Sketches by FISH



It's only a question of time before the down-trodden husbands form a union and strike for freedom. At last they have come to realize that bitter truth of married life—it's always the man who pays, and pays, and pays. When once aroused, these lowly creatures are desperate, and will fight to the end for their rights. Street-cleaners, ship-builders, riveters, gasfitters, and all other laborers claim the right to a forty-four hour week and every evening and Sunday off, with no questions asked—why not husbands? Here is one of the leading agitators of the Industrial Husbands of the World, at the moment uprising. A strike of this nature would tie up all traffic on Fifth Avenue

Even the hairdressers are getting into the spirit of the times, and pledging themselves to strike while the curling-iron is hot. They have found that there is really very little in this life on a Marcel wave idea. They plan forming a special hairdressers' branch of the I. W. W.; the mystic letters stand for I Won't Wave. A hairdressers' strike would be decidedly rough on woman's crowning glory. Observe this terrible catastrophe—the striker is throwing down his badge of labor and going out, leaving his unfortunate client with half her hair as art intended it to be, and half of it in the unfinished state in which nature left it

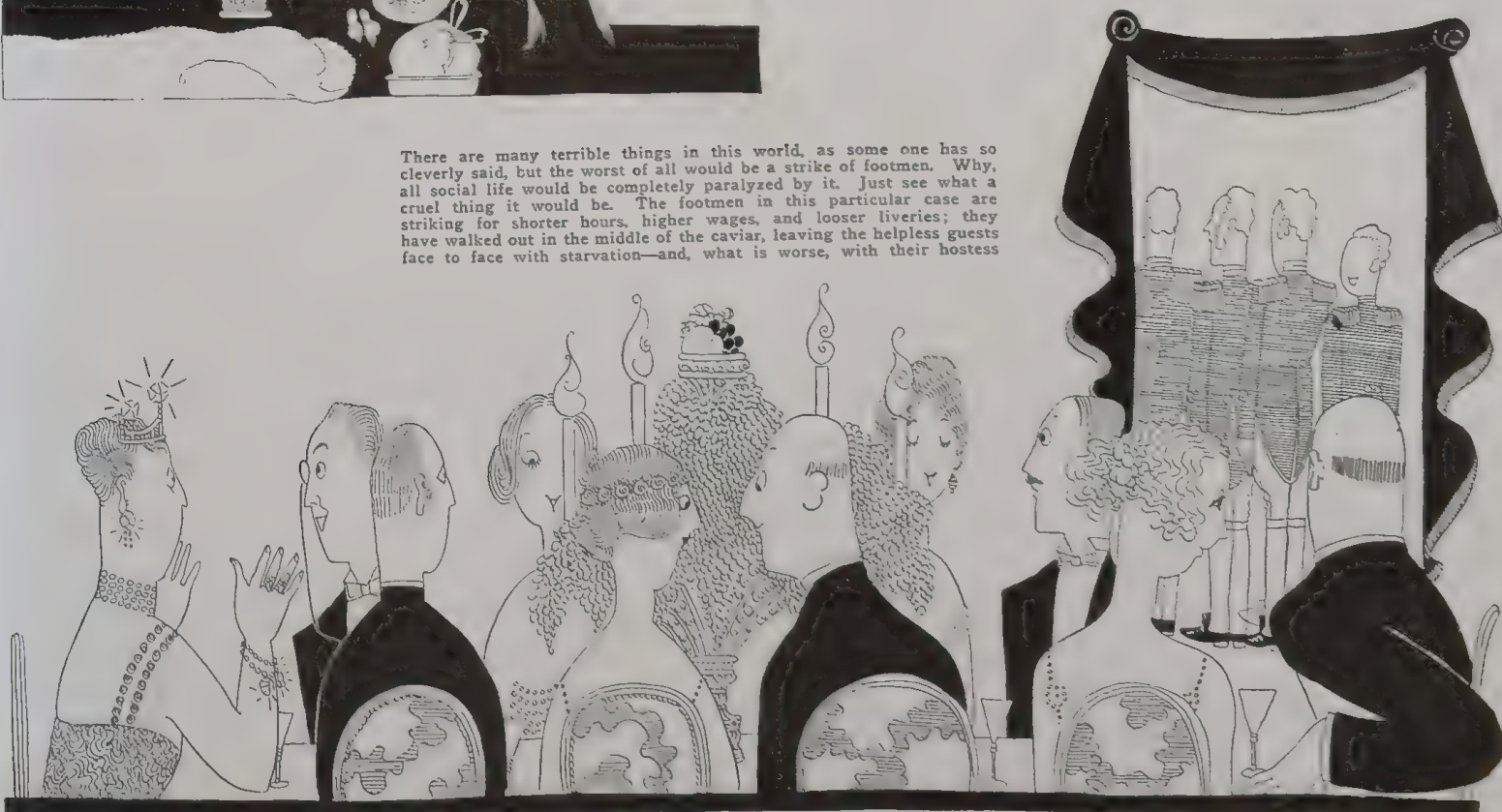


A strike of wives is liable to be called at any time, many wives have been threatening to walk out, for months. The thing is likely to prove rather embarrassing. Here, for instance, is the case of a member of the wives' union, whose husband has just returned from eighteen months' service at the front. In the midst of her enthusiastic welcome, she has been called out by the unfeeling delegates of her union. Wives should really be very careful about going on strike, for, if they ever formed a union and walked out—think what a wonderful excuse the husbands would have for employing non-union labor



The maids are at last coming around to the modern way of thinking—that in unions there is strength. Here is an intimate glimpse of what might happen if they ever start striking. The maid is obeying the first law of all agitators.—be sure to strike at the most inconvenient time. She is leaving her employer, so to speak, sunk—just on the point of throwing up the sponge and going down for the third time

There are many terrible things in this world, as some one has so cleverly said, but the worst of all would be a strike of footmen. Why, all social life would be completely paralyzed by it. Just see what a cruel thing it would be. The footmen in this particular case are striking for shorter hours, higher wages, and looser liveries; they have walked out in the middle of the caviar, leaving the helpless guests face to face with starvation—and, what is worse, with their hostess





A corner of the "powder blue" room shows a set of four projects for 16th Century Italian tapestries. The walls are painted deep powder blue and glazed; the woodwork is black. Italian damask in old yellow and blue is used with Chinese yellow glass curtains, the whole forming an unusual scheme

As a reaction from drab war times, Mrs. Potter has made her bedroom a place of gaiety and color. The walls are tinted dove gray, the chintz in curtains (rose lined) and on the furniture is an 18th Century French design with blue predominating. Center of bed cover and dressing table hanging are old blue taffeta



Hewitt

In the entrance hall a hanging of old Italian Fillaticcio is a background for two kneeling angles, attributed by Siennese artists to Jacopo della Quercia of Sienna. The chest on which they stand is old Italian. The only modern touch in the grouping are the two pictures which are arrangements of fruits and vegetables in old Italian vases done by Mrs. Potter after the manner of Della Robbia

ROOMS in the NEW YORK APARTMENT of MRS. FRANK HUNTER POTTER



On either side of the driveway leading up to the main house, tall, straight, red cedars keep their dignified and imposing watch. Between their majestic files, the picturesque vista runs to its end in a stone archway.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S "LITTLE FARM"

INSPIRES AN AMERICAN COUNTRY PLACE

Amid quiet waters and slumbering pools, a diminutive white bridge links a slender span as a gateway from the garden to the main dwelling. Inspired by the white classical of the "Temple of Love," a conservatory has been carefully built at one side and serves a rich rainbow of gay blossoms and green leaves.

(Below) Complete absence of ornamentation and simplicity of structure make the main house architectural, very like the "Queen's House" again. In the original group, the Petit Triangon, was connected with the "chapel hall" by a rustic gallery. Two apple trees shade green shutters and flower and fruit.



AMERICA CONTRIBUTES to the LUXURY of JEWELS

By LILLIAN PURDY GOLDSBOROUGH



That sophisticated bit of newer jewellery, the lorgnon, depends for perfection here on a triangular sapphire set close to the eye and a large kite-shaped diamond opposite



Obviously a ring for the little finger must have personality—a problem which may be solved by this combination of green onyx with sapphires and diamonds, and blending platinum, green gold, and blue enamel

(Above) A dash of green onyx, a flash of diamonds and sapphire, a subtle blending of platinum, green gold, and white enamel—of course all these colours mean the little-finger ring shown second from the left



All wise vanity cases have themselves as diminutive as possible, and this one, besides, is decorated with an Adam period design



Then a lorgnon with a simple turn of mind shapes the destiny of its lenses according to its own notions, it surrounds the crystal with platinum and then jewels the platinum with diamonds



Suggesting Lalique in artistic feeling, this pendant, using stones instead of enamel, paints its scene with black onyx, green gold, and emeralds and frames it in diamonds



This and the opposite lorgnon have simple frames of green gold



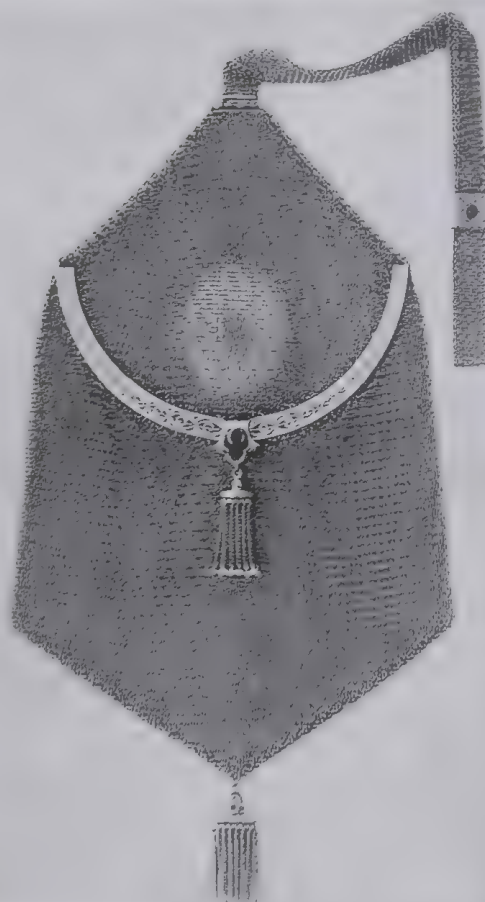
Worn on a black ribbon, they open to resemble a bow-knot

AMONG the threads and the romantic tales that the war and armistice have woven into the history of art, science, and commerce—for these great world events have left no phase of human activity untouched—there is a story that curiously intertwines jewels, fashions, and hidden treasure with the depredations of the enemy. It was at the crucial time when the German forces were at the height of their advance toward Paris. The tragedy of defeat threatened France. Having yielded all but the last franc of their possessions to their country, many of the people now faced destitution. For if the Hun armies triumphed, those same hordes would surely confiscate what slight remaining funds the French had in banks and stored elsewhere.

FORTUNES HIDDEN IN JEWELS

In their desperation a single idea seized them. It passed like a wave over communities—a desire to hide these last resources from the enemy. With one accord they sought protection by turning every available sou into jewels. They purchased jewelled ornaments and loose stones, hoping that, if the worst came, they could bury these treasures safely in the earth and wait until peace allowed them to bring them from their concealment.

Strangely enough, with the coming of the armistice, the situation has been reversed. Those who were once looked upon as possible conquerors are resorting to exactly the same means of protection that prevailed with the threatened people



In this mesh bag of green gold, the chief decoration is placed in the centre, adding convenience as well as beauty, by affording a wide round opening

of France. The Germans and Austrians, fearing a victory of the antagonist factions in their own countries, are now sending agents with bulging pockets to Amsterdam, which is the centre of the diamond market, to transform whole fortunes into gems. Every available stone is eagerly sought by these purchasers, and it is only with great difficulty that American buyers can find a chance to purchase. What wonder then that this depletion of jewel stock should have added its quota to the strange reflections upon fashions in jewellery. With this drain upon supply, with designers and workmen at war, a ban of public sentiment on luxuries, and the reduction of importation of materials, jewellery became, during the war, a negligible factor in gowning. Then a reaction from these war influences began to assert itself, but it is still too early to expect a real recovery or to look to Paris for that witchery of art that has always been the inspiration for the creation of unusual jewelled adornments. The time is coming, however,—and it is not many months away,—when the French feeling and charm will again come forward and become a leading influence in American productions of jewellery.

A DISTINCT AMERICAN FASHION

But, does this mean that until France recovers the American woman of fashion must go unjewelled? Must she be deprived of that inimitable touch of the glint of jewels? Not in the least. On

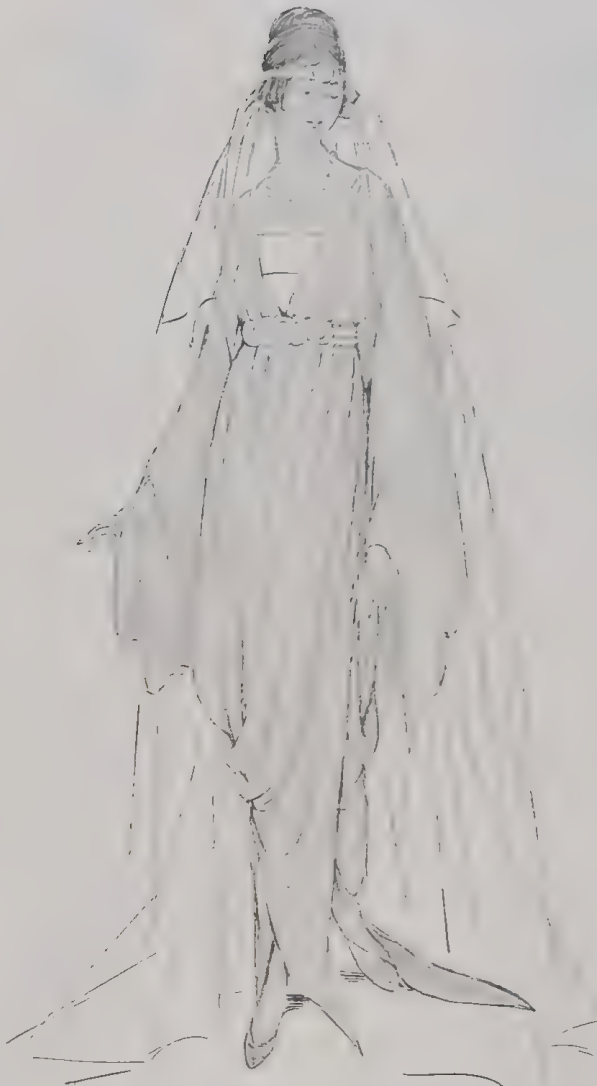
(Continued on page 97)

THOUGH TRUE TO TRADITIONS OF

TULLE AND SATIN, BRIDAL GOWNS

EXPRESS PIQUANT MODERN IDEAS

Lucile gowns the tall and slender bride in a dress of white satin graciously hung and subtly draped. She girdles the rather high waist with pearls, and then she adds her best and last, a train of softly glowing satin that pours from the shoulder in many shining yards or separates over each arm in a droopy graceful imitation of sleeves



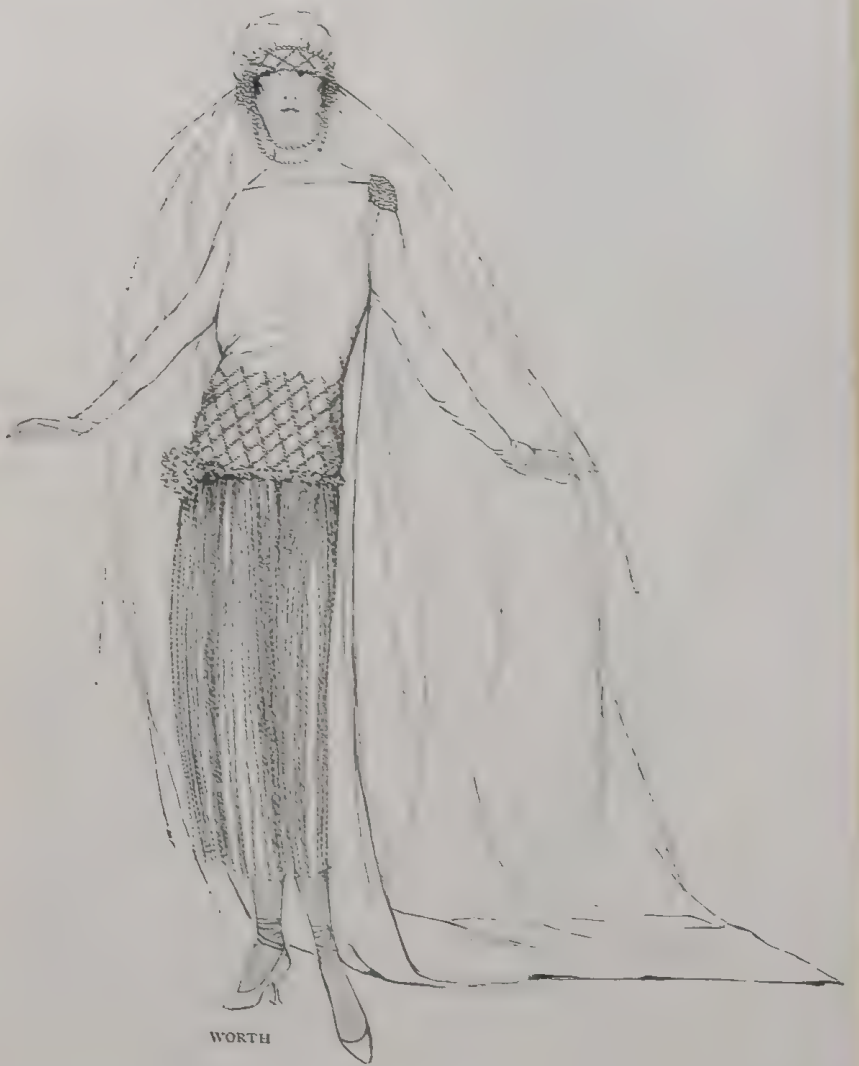
LUCILE

(Below) This wedding-dress, under Dœuillets' guidance, does what is expected of it in the way of white satin and train, white tulle and orange-blossoms, but it has sly little whims of its own to carry out,—a silver lace petticoat fringed with silver that glances brightly from its satin sheath, silver lace upon its shoulders, and a garland of embroidered orange-blossoms draped gracefully low about its waist

Worth has chosen new and charming ways to make a bridal gown. The long flat bodice is latticed with pearls, and from it shower strands of white beads, small and softly glittering, swinging and shivering with light movement. The skirt is quite surprisingly short in front, but great pearl ornaments firmly catch the train of glowing satin to the shoulders, and this train is surprisingly long



DŒUILLET



WORTH



The ingenuity of the Russian blouse is at its best in this frock of navy blue tricolette. Grey bone buttons make a trim fastening in the back, and in front there are bands of grey and blue wool embroidery. Besides a very narrow and swathed little skirt for the entire sake of smartness, there is also a gay ribbon belt that flies long embroidered ends for the same reason.

To match her sophisticated eye-brows and the fancy stockings, this clever person wears an afternoon frock of brown chiffon printed with figures in deep cream and black. Plain brown chiffon makes the shawl collar and the wide flounce on the sleeves, and the overtunic is long in front and is piled upon in back under a large bow that finishes the sash belt.

LORBER HAD A GUIDING FINGER IN THE

FLOUNCED AND BRAIDED FATE OF THESE

SHEER DRESSES AND THE TRIM SUIT

When something perfect has been discovered, it is only wise to foster it, and so this tailored suit of blue tricotine loses no opportunity to bind its edges with black silk braid. The coat is made on box lines, and the skirt has a wide unpressed plait in the back. The waistcoat, which no good coat foregoes, is pongee

Black satin winds its shining lengths into a tight skirt and swings from a panel in the back that hangs from shoulder to hem, held a minute at the waist-line by the belt of blue ribbon. The square neck has a smart becoming collar of sheer white embroidered linen which also flares into cuffs on the long tight sleeves.



THE LINGERIE BLOUSE RETURNS, IN COLOUR

IT is not a very long time since a woman was never without a dozen chemise blouses, whether she was travelling or living in the city. These articles were indispensable to the tailored costume. There was infinite variety in their many forms, and, besides those of thin white materials, there were also a few blouses all inlaid with lace and embroidery, very like soft veils of lace.

Then the mode changed. The lingerie blouse was replaced by the corsage of the chemise frock showing beneath the long coats matching the costume.

But now the tailored suit is no longer in disrepute; it is returning with the spring of Victory. Unimpeachably correct, it gives a woman that alluring trimness which is joyfully received after the caprices of elaborate elegance. And it is even whispered in the ear that it will be the man's tailor who will be given preference in the execution of this new costume; it is possible.

How could blouses fail to take on new life with this occurrence? They come in dozens, hastening

Once More in the Good Graces of the
Parisienne, the Severely Tailored Suit Brings
A Brilliant Array of Washable Blouses

into our wardrobes. Prepared to accompany our summer costumes, they have a charming modernism, and they brighten the sombre blue of serge or the monotony of khaki shantung like bouquets of different flowers. There will be white blouses, too, but they will be such as are inspired by the blouses of Van Dyck or by those of the peasants in the country districts of France. And with almost all these blouses is worn a large black

knotted cravat.

At Paquin's the hues and embroideries of these blouses are of sensational originality—a series that makes one wonder what this new order will lead to. Veritable tone-scales, delicate or vivid according to the type of the wearer, will achieve effects not hitherto seen in sharp contrast to the white blouse that was of an invariant monotony.

The braid that borders this coloured linen is always of cotton, fearing neither soap nor water, even though it be black. One of the refinements of the season is to repeat in the lining of the jacket the same design or colours of the blouse.



Such things as long sleeves may be yellow when the vest of the blouse is of rose linen incrustated with black braid and trimmed with twists of fringe



The blouse is of delft blue linen, but most of it is covered with thread embroidery in a pattern of roses joined by crisscross lines. The belt is a strip of the material knotted like a ribbon, and the sleeves are simply made with small white cuffs embroidered at the edge



It is very long and wholly charming, this blouse of canary yellow linen lavishly embroidered with black braid. A bias band of linen marks what there is of waist-line, and the edges of the neck and cuffs are gathered with black ribbon. The sleeves are entirely plain



A brief little blouse of rose linen that goes atop a skirt, gains all the effect of a plaid with far more of originality by being cross-banded with braid in two shades of green. The surplice opening has white revers, and the sleeves, wide at the bottom, finish just below the elbow

Jade green linen fashions a blouse that is almost a costume in itself. The gathered part over the skirt is embroidered with roses edged with long fringes. A fine embroidery of silk outlines the underarm opening, the cuff of the short sleeve, and the becoming yoke



The wind has blown butterflies onto the hilltop. The one that flutters so far to the left is in a fine white linen frock whose very brief skirt is made chiefly of a wide band and a narrower one of rose striped linen which also outlines the Eton effect on the waist and ties into a long flying sash. Close behind is a biscuit coloured linen frock trimmed with smart little buttons and dark brown pipings and topped by a hat of brown straw crowned with white and tan striped Turkish towelling. Then last of all skip a little green linen frock embroidered with cherries in dull blue and worn over a very pale yellow organdie blouse edged in Valenciennes lace.

The YOUNGER GENERATION



Can one blame a butterfly that hovers unsuspecting near a little frock which looks like a bit of limpid sunshine—so soft and palely yellow is the colour of its organdie, flecked with a small self-coloured dot and trimmed around and up and down with Valenciennes lace edging. Like the butterfly it captivates, the sash flutters; it has a soft bow and long lace-trimmed ends.



Of course every one knows and agrees that it is an unbecoming thing for a little girl to flounce about, but it would seem that flounces about a little girl are quite another matter and vastly captivating. So a frock of new cross-barred blue voile composes its skirt of gay flounces alternately slashed and all bound—as are also the neck and sleeves—with yellow voile.



This is the vampire,—a charming household pet whose playful little ways are known wherever moving pictures move. She wears strange garments that cling to her through thick and thin (we stress the word "thin"), and she swings a mean pearl-handled dagger. Have you ever noticed how, in every newspaper interview with a famous film vampire, the press-agent always lays particular stress on what a nice, sweet girl she is in private life—how, off the screen, she lives with her mother, and never stays out after ten o'clock, and everything?



Here is the conquering hero, whose virile figure, nobly padded at the shoulders, holds the center of every silver screen. In his dress he affects the rough and ready, red-corpuscle style of thing, with a leaning toward the military note. He is particularly addicted to trench coats of the most warlike design—although, in real life, he declined his local board's invitation to participate in the recent war on the grounds of employment in an essential industry

This familiar figure is that of the persecuted heroine, who is tossed off bridges, shot out of cannons, thrown in front of trains, and hurled from aeroplanes, all during the three hundred and six nine-reel instalments of the thrilling serial, "The Perils of Peruna," and comes out of it all practically as good as new. No one in the world has ever followed one of these serials straight through; try as you may, you will always manage to miss the most vital instalments

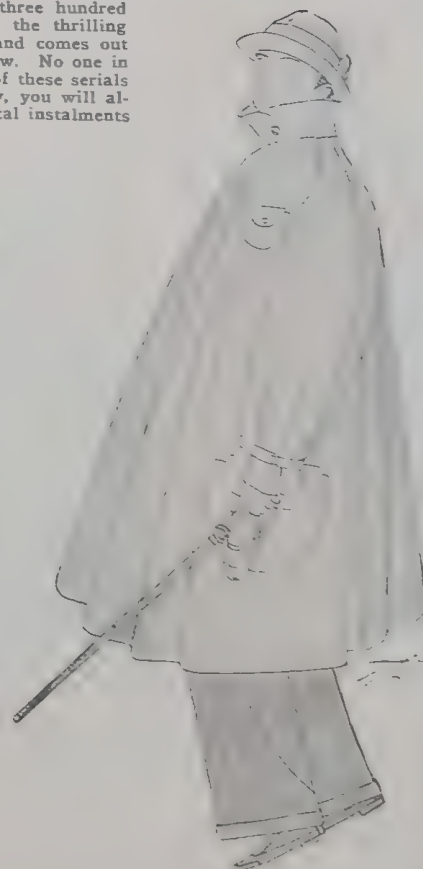


Sketches by Sto

This is a close-up of the sweet little country girl, innocent almost to the point of imbecility, a favorite heroine of all scenario writers. It is she who goes trustingly to the villain's apartment, lured there by his promise to show her his new set of red and black checkers. No one need ever worry about these little country girls—nothing ever happens to them, for Heaven invariably protects them. They will be saved just in time, and go back to the farm, and the farm hand, in the final fade-out of the picture—the scenario writers always see to that

ISN'T it strange, the way the same old characters are forever appearing on the moving picture screen? Every time you grope your way into a movie theatre—or, as the movie magnates affectionately call it, "A temple of the motion picture art"—there are the same familiar figures right on the screen before you. Never a one is missing—the innocent little country girl, the widely press-agented vampire, the persecuted heroine, the noble hero, and the dress-suited villain. Sometime during the course of the evening, each one of them will be worked in somehow. There may be other views, also—asbestos-making in the Scilly Islands, or of sardine-snaring in Norway—but they are merely side issues, after all. Sooner or later, the films will surely appear in which all of our old friends will figure.

And here is our old friend, the villain. You recognize him immediately by his evening clothes. No really self-respecting villain ever wears anything but evening clothes, even if it be high noon. That flowing cloak, too—that's a sure sign of villainy. Always watch out for those trick cloaks, in the movies—you'll find there is never any good behind them



The arch criminal! It is such sinister creatures as this who prowl mysteriously through the instalments of hair-raising pictures like "The Strangling Hand." Maybe you think, at the beginning of the serial, that he is a really nice sort of chap, but, if you live to see the final instalment, it will be shown that he is in reality the world's most dangerous criminal

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The Super-Novelists

(Continued from page 75)

the end is inevitable. Once they have got the taste for it, novelists seem to lose all their finer feelings, and go in for an orgy of didactic utterance. If they are to be saved from themselves, the public must do it.

I WOULD suggest some form of league for the restraint of novelists. A little unselfish getting-together of the public could easily effect this. If novelists knew that there was in existence a society of thousands of readers, prepared to boycott them for a term of years in the event of their publishing any form of book that was not a work of fiction, they would soon mend their ways. They would have to be carefully watched, of course, especially the more hardened cases like Mr. Wells, to see that they did not sneak their tracts into the body of their new novel. The Society would have to be prepared to deal firmly with a writer who,—in the middle, let us

say, of a scene showing the husband confronting the guilty wife—inserted some such passage as this:

"'Woman,' said Reginald, coldly, 'what have you to say?' She faced him proudly and defiantly. Never, he thought with a pang, had he known her so beautiful, so alluring. 'What have I to say?' she repeated. Her eyes flashed. 'Only this, Reginald, that, while we are on this subject, I should like to say a few words about the training of performing seals for vaudeville. Under the term "seals" are usually grouped two very widely different types of animals, the so-called seals and the hair seals or true seals. The former are not properly seals at all, but are allied rather to the bear family.' Reginald shook with an emotion he could scarce suppress. 'Go on,' he said in a low voice. 'Tell me more . . .'"

We should have to be very sharp on that sort of thing.

Funerals

By CHARLES BRACKETT

OUTSIDE my tenement in town
Dead people ride, up and down;
Pause at the church an hour, then pass
To their quiet domains of grass.
(Just an hour while prayers are said,
Then move on no less dead.)

I talk, and the gutter children romp,
But the grave dead have much pomp:
Carriages full of blooms
With smooth, smothering perfumes,
Carriages of relatives,
(One avoids them while one lives)
Weeping friends telling of
The dead's goodness, and their love,
(Not much good, if sincere,
Since the deaf dead cannot hear)
And from all the cortège meets
That frightened awe with which Life greets
Death passing through the streets,
While, as solace for the lack
Of hot sun on living back
The dead have plumes and black.

I, for one, resent this state
That half presumes to compensate
For all they have lost of late;
For all the pleasant things the Dead
Have so lately forfeited.

Better put them underground
Quickly, with no show or sound.
It is plain enough, God knows,
What they have lost, and we shall lose
When we make our adieux.

Lord, may we not journey thus
Till we grow old, and querulous,
Or Life falls out of love with us.



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Mohawk SILK GLOVES

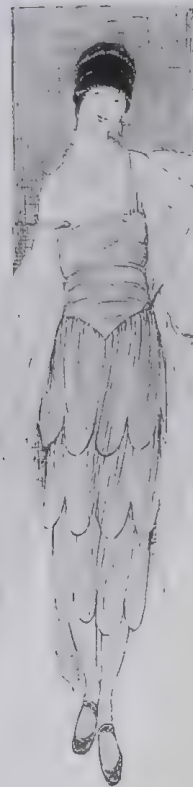


FOR years the best shops in the land have sold silk gloves made by the Mohawk Silk Fabric Company, but not marked with the maker's name. It is quite possible that, unknowingly, you have been wearing these gloves and admiring their lovely quality.

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"I know it is too short," murmured the Viscountess de Sainte-Croix, a figure of youthful charm in a mauve taffeta petal frock, "but I just had to wear it!"

THE NEWEST PARIS FLOWER

(Continued from page 49)

finished with trifles—almost mere nothings—of mousseline de soie veiling the neck and arms. The hat that is worn with this frock is charmingly simple. It is a Lanvin cloche of dull black satin lined with white, and Christmas roses are placed low about the crown.

The other Vionnet gown of which two views are shown in the sketch on page 49, is of soft supple satin fringed at the lower edges. The two pieces of the bodice cross in front and are given a border of little roses; these are made of the same satin as the frock itself. The satin ends in back a little above the waist-line under another row of roses, somewhat larger this time. The whole back of the frock is practically nothing but a frail veiling of mousseline de soie edged with little roses. There are no sleeves. This gown is closed and held fast without hook or buttons; only the belt that turns in a knot on the left hip holds it in place.

FLOWER TRIMMINGS

Flower trimmings—either roses or poppies or daisies—are again seen on a number of frocks. Those on the gown just described, for example, are not the roses of the florist, but roses of the couturière. Without pistils or foliage, they are very artfully made by dress-makers.

One sees this mode for things petalled charmingly worn. Madame Doyen, the widow of the famous surgeon, is shown in the photographs on page 49, wearing two frocks from Vionnet. In the photograph on the left, Madame Doyen is wearing a frock of fuchsia crêpe de Chine, the lower edge fringed by the silk threads of the material itself. The fulness of the waist is held in by a double girdle; one part consists of two bands of crêpe de Chine knotted on the left side, the other of two strips of the back knotted under the right arm at the height of the yoke. The short sleeve, like the skirt, ends in a fringe. Madame Doyen's hat of violet felt is trimmed in front with a great bunch of Parma violets, and the muff that she carries is entirely covered with the same Parma violets. This hat and muff are two new models from Reboux.

In the photograph at the right on the same page, she wears a dinner gown from Vionnet. This is made of separate squares, thirty centimetres wide, and the lower edge, which is very narrow, has a fold of black satin and is cut in rounded points like petals. Garlands of morning-glories embroidered in natural colours climb up the squares of the skirt and the corsage to the edge of the décolletage, and the gown is held on the shoulders by narrow straps of black velours. A rope of pearls reaches from one shoulder to the other and is fastened to the little black ribbons. The coiffure of Madame Doyen is notably original. The hair is cut and curled "à la Titus" at the ears; behind the ears it is left long and done in a low knot so large that it partially hides a double plait that encircles the head. The earrings are jet.

Another of these flower frocks was worn by the Viscountess de Sainte-Croix at the soirée which the Countess de Roche gave at the apartment of her brother, Monsieur de Gandarillas. This mauve taffeta frock, which is sketched at the top of this page, has a skirt composed of three flounces cut in rounded points. The palest is at the bottom, the third is deepest, to match the corsage. The Viscountess de Sainte-Croix wore in her hair a bandeau of black bordered with strass.

SHORT SKIRTS AND NO SLEEVES

As none of the skirts of these frocks are lined, and the skirts and what is worn underneath are very short, it is not unusual to see the silhouette of the legs through the transparency—something fearful formerly, but now an accepted fashion and one frequently met.

With this sleeveless style of dress, often worn without gloves, the present mode demands bracelets of sapphires or emeralds worn very high on the arm. Sometimes bracelets of jet with large earrings to match are also successful in effect. The stockings that are now being worn, like those shown in the sketch on page 49, are a mere black silk trellis that leaves the leg almost bare.

J. R. F.

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 71)

together and hurries forth upon the stage enough theatrical material to furnish out an ordinary full-length play. Not a moment or a line is wasted. The author is so young and vigorous that he flings himself high hearted to the enterprise of capturing his public by assault, instead of laying a more leisurely and careful siege to the emotions.

He deals with an epoch that, for many reasons, is fruitful in theatrical material. If those of us who are alive to-day should be invited by some god to transfer our transit through the world to some past period of history and were allowed to choose the period, we should select, first of all, the time of Pericles in Athens when human civilization touched its height, and, as our second choice, we should pick out the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent in Florence. In either of these times and places, it would scarcely have been possible to cast a casual stone without hitting some artist inspired with a singing sense of all that was and is and evermore shall be.

The civilization of Athens was submerged beneath the iniquity of oblivion when the Barbarians of the North poured downward upon Rome and overwhelmed the ancient world. Then ensued a thousand years of darkness; for the mediæval centuries are justly labeled in our histories as the Dark Ages. But after a thousand years, the world was born again and tardily recalled the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. This Renaissance was centred in that million-lilied city that bore the flowery name of Florence. The dramatic quality of this period arises from the fact that Florence was divided between the delicate aristocrats who still remembered, after many centuries, the grandeur that was Rome and sought once more to brandish overhead the ancient but unextinguished torch of art, and the mighty men of northern birth, strong armed and little minded, who sought still to keep mankind enslaved in military bondage.

Politics in Florence were corrupt: the city and the province were trampled down beneath the march and counter-march of militant Teutonic hordes; but, meanwhile, men endowed with Latin souls, by hundreds and by thousands, impelled to recall the glory of the ancient world by some burgeoning as spontaneous and irresistible as the shooting-up of tulips in the early spring, were painting pictures of aloof and singing angels dancing serenely upon the pansied fields of paradise. Our blessed and angelic brother—Fra Beato Angelico—thought naught about the Teutons who had overwhelmed the world by force of arms: quite quietly he painted frescoes upon convent walls, that would remain to be remembered long after all the Teutons in the world had been forgotten.

With this hectic and dramatic struggle between the strong arm of barbarism and the strong mind of civilization—exemplified supremely in the Renaissance—Sem Benelli deals in "La Cena delle Belfe." This is a great subject, because it stands aloof from any touch of time. The specific story of the play is concerned with a personal contest between a Pisan mercenary, Neri Chiaramentesi, who—descended from the Teutons of the North—is a giant in physical strength but a pigmy in mental ingenuity, and a Florentine aristocrat, Giannetto Malespini, who is physically weak and tremulous but is endowed with that metaphysical gift of penetrant imagination which is the heritage of civilized mankind. Neri is a soldier, and Giannetto is merely a painter of

Madonnas; Neri is a giant, and Giannetto is undersized; Neri is brave, and Giannetto is cowardly; Neri is mature, and Giannetto is perilously young: yet the weakling painter of Madonnas, by the exercise of mental subtlety, overcomes his much more powerful antagonist and drives him mad by making him the victim of a well-imagined "jest."

This is the theme of "La Cena delle Belfe"; and if this tremendously dramatic theme is comprehended by the reader, it will not be necessary for the commentator to summarize the story of the piece in more particular detail. The English "adaptation" has been admirably made by Edward Sheldon. The present writer is not able to compare Mr. Sheldon's text with the original, for the simple reason that, for ten years, he has neglected—like so many other managers and critics in America—to read Sem Benelli's published play. Mr. Sheldon's version is rendered in iambic pentameter; and it is somewhat surprising to discover and to note the fact that this gifted author writes even better in blank verse than he has long been accustomed to write in prose.

By most people, the American production of "The Jest" will be remembered mainly by reason of the histrionic triumph of the Barrymore brothers. Lionel Barrymore plays Neri, the showiest and, in consequence, the most emphatic part in the piece. He does his work superbly and excites the audience to cheers. John Barrymore plays the less showy and more subtle part of Giannetto; and his execution of this task is the finest thing that he has ever done in his career of continuous improvement as an artist. The contrasted genius of these fraternal scions of one of the most illustrious families that have ever graced our native stage is one of the soundest assets of the American theatre of to-day. Lionel Barrymore is unapproachable in rendering the idiosyncrasies of what is called a "character" part; and John Barrymore is unapproachable in delivering the touch of poetry to what is called a "straight" part. "Unapproachable," of course, is a hazardous adjective for any critic to employ in these days when our stage is crowded with so many actresses and actors who aspire to distinction in the press; but any reader who doubts the deserving of this ultimate badge of honour by the sons of Maurice Barrymore must merely be advised to see "The Jest." Several other parts are excellently acted in the current production,—in particular, a brief bit that is magnificently rendered by one of the ablest actresses of our recent American stage, Gilda Varese. This unusually gifted artist always captures the house before she has spoken three successive sentences; and the wonder is that our astute and presumably commercial-minded managers so rarely employ her to appear upon Broadway.

The scenic settings for "The Jest" were designed by Robert Edmond Jones; and this fine artist has never done anything more notable than his contribution to the current triumph of the great Italian play. In each of his three settings, Mr. Jones has emphasized the sense of height. The first act reveals the tallest and greatest door (up centre) that was ever yet imagined by any theatrical designer. The setting of the second act (which serves also as the setting of the fourth) is similarly lofty and discloses a great window which widens the observing eye. But, in projecting the third act, Mr. Jones may be criticized adversely for conceiving a scene that also, without reason, allures the eye to soar aloft.

(Continued on page 94)

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SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 93)

HELEN IGOE
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SUITS
COATS
WRAPS

SPORTS
WEAR
LINGERIE
BLOUSES

LEATHER
NOVELTIES

AT THE
Shop
of
HELEN IGOE

This act has been imagined by the author to take place in a cellar; and the point to be emphasized by the scenic artist is the fact that the place is buried underground. The scene should be pressed down by a ponderous ceiling; it should not soar to an illimitable loftiness along the lines of an upward-looking pillar; and it should not be lighted from above.

Except for an overinsistence upon the merely mechanical expedient of overhead lighting, the stage direction of Arthur Hopkins must be praised emphatically for its imaginative simplicity and its quite unusual sincerity. All in all, the present production of "The Jest" must be regarded—as Willie Laidlow said to Walter Scott—as "a verri shuperior occasion."

"THE BONDS OF INTEREST"

THE point has been already emphasized that the romantic dramatist enjoys this large advantage over realistic rivals—that his plays are more easily transferable from country to country and from generation to generation, because he refrains from focusing attention on matters that are local and timely. The illustrious realists of the modern French drama—like the great Émile Augier and his important disciple, Eugène Brieux—are little known outside their native country because their work has been devoted to a study of social conditions that are peculiarly French; whereas Edmond Rostand, with the far-flung romance of "Cyrano de Bergerac," lassoed the rolling world. The realistic dramas of John Galsworthy will be forgotten before fifty years because the social inequities and iniquities which he attacks with such commendable fervour will be remedied in half a century; and that future fiat of the public conscience which is destined to render these timely compositions obsolete will be hastened by Mr. Galsworthy's undeniable ability to make his plays persuasive to the present generation. On the other hand, there is no danger that a romantic composition like Barrie's "Peter Pan" will ever be legislated out of existence by political reformers of the future.

The present commentator is required to confess the regrettable lack of any special knowledge of the work of Jacinto Benavente, the greatest living dramatist of Spain; but, if "The Bonds of Interest" may be regarded as a representative example of his output, it is obvious enough that his ambition is to write "not of an age but for all time." The story that is repeated in this comedy has been traditional in Spanish literature since the distant heyday of the picaresque romances; and it has been familiar in the theatre of the world since the ancient days of Plautus.

The essential points of the narrative may be patterned very quickly in a summary. Two penniless adventurers, a master and a servant, come to a town where they are totally unknown and impress the local citizens at first sight by pretending to be rich. The clever servant entangles many of the slower-minded local characters in an imaginative scheme for making money whose only possible success depends upon the maintenance of their faith in the wealth and prowess of his mysterious and silent master. His method of enmeshing them is to bind each man to the common undertaking by the bonds of his own interest. United they will stand, divided they will fall. Therefore they remain united; and a fortune is easily conquered by the strength that arises from their union. The two penniless impostors are enriched; but the very people they intended to impose

upon are enriched at the same time. Therefore, in the end of all, these two unprincipled adventurers turn moral and settle down to finish out their lives as the most respected citizens of the community that they have unintentionally benefitted.

This summary has been written purposely in terms that are abstract; and the reader will notice that—thus formulated—it would be pertinent to a review of "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford or of any of the twenty or thirty American comedies and farces that, in more recent years, have been written in emulation or in imitation of George M. Cohan's most celebrated play. Yet all of our American playwrights—following the lead of Mr. Cohan—have rendered a realistic treatment of this timeless story which has been passed down to our modern theatre from the ancient days of Plautus through the medium of Molière. They have all attempted to persuade the theatre-going public that this perennial plot is indigenous to America and peculiar to the present generation.

The result of this realistic treatment was inevitable. When "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford was "revived," a couple of seasons ago, it failed dismally, because the public regarded it already as "out of date"; and none of our American plays of this type has sustained the test of being acted successfully in a foreign language overseas. The depiction of local life in the office of a small-town American hotel that was presented in the first act of Mr. Cohan's "Wallingford" was nothing less than masterly in sheer theatrical technique; but would this clever act, if translated into Spanish, be interesting to an audience in Madrid?

Yet "The Bonds of Interest," when translated into English, is interesting to an audience in New York. The main reason is that Benavente—in treating a plot that has been traditional since Plautus—has sagely decided to set his story not in his native Spain but in an imaginary country; and the secondary reason is that, instead of attempting to restrict the project to the present period, he has preferred to launch it vaguely as a thing imagined to occur at the outset of the seventeenth century,—when, as Rostand remarked in the initial stage direction of "Les Romanesques," the costumes were pretty. By these simple expedients, the romantic Benavente succeeded in setting forth, so long ago as 1907, a play that has outlived already the many subsequent American elaborations of the same essential plot.

It must be said, however—since an international comparison has unwittingly been instituted,—that our American playwrights easily surpass their Spanish rival in the desirable detail of a rapid rush of action. Benavente's comedy is elaborately literary and much too wordy for our taste. Our audience has not been trained, like the public of the Latin countries, to listen with approving patience to a lengthy drawing-out of lines.

"The Bonds of Interest" was presented in New York by a new organization—called The Theatre Guild, Incorporated—which numbers among its members many of the former leaders of the defunct but unforgotten Washington Square Players. The text of the play was translated into English by John Garrett Underhill, the foremost American scholar in the unfamiliar field of current Spanish literature and the official representative in this country of the Society of Spanish Authors. Mr. Underhill is a personal friend of Jacinto Benavente's, and his rendering

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(Continued from page 94)

of the text must be accepted as authoritative. The acting, in the main, was adequate; and particular praise should be accorded to Augustin Duncan, Helen Westley, Amelia Summerville, and Rollo Peters. The play was produced by Philip Moeller, who is growing more and more to require recognition as an all-around artist of the theatre.

A special and emphatic paragraph of praise must be assigned to Rollo Peters for designing the scenery and directing the lighting of this production. Many people who were bored by the play—since they felt no sympathy for Spanish art and had never heard of Benavente—applauded the scenic settings designed by this versatile and greatly gifted artist. Rollo Peters, as a business man, is the president and director of The Theatre Guild; as an actor, he plays the leading part in "The Bonds of Interest" and—as the phrase is—gets away with it; and, as a painter, he provides a series of scenic settings which afford a scarcely precedented luxury to the eye. Of the three activities of this many-sided man who has not yet passed the age of thirty, his powers as a projector in the field of scenic decoration must be pointed out as the most promising. The scenery, the costumes, and the lighting of this recent production of The Theatre Guild were so lovely and alluring to the eye that they beggar all description.

TEATRO ESPAÑOL

AN organization called the Teatro Español took possession of the Park Theatre, in New York, on April 19 and inaugurated a series of performances in Spanish. On occasions such as this, it is always a little surprising for a commentator on our current theatre to discover that the Spanish-American public is much more numerous and immeasurably more enthusiastic than the French-American public. A really notable French artist like Jacques Copeau may present a series of French masterpieces to half-empty houses; but anything that is offered in the Spanish language, however inferior in art, is likely to be patronized by crowded houses, to be cheered with vociferous "Ole's," and to be applauded visibly by the scaling of two-peseta hats upon the stage.

The initial programme of the Teatro Español—which was offered to an audience standing two deep behind the barrier—began with the presentation of a two-act opera, rather poorly sung and very shabbily produced. The piece was called "Maruxa." The music was composed by Amadeo Vives, and the book was written by Luis Pascual Frutos. "Maruxa" was followed by an hour of Spanish vaudeville that was more inspiring. Many dancing girls appeared; and Spanish dancing—even of an inferior variety—is always peppery enough to stimulate the spirit. But for those who, like the present commentator, are familiar at first hand with the dancing taught at the academy of old Otero in Sevilla, the present exhibition must appear emphatically less than secondary. Those who attend the Park Theatre in the hope of witnessing another "Land of Joy" will be deeply disappointed in the production.

"THREE FOR DIANA"

"THREE FOR DIANA" was adapted into English by Chester Bailey Fernald from an Italian comedy by Sabatino Lopez, entitled "Il Terzo Marito." It contains enough material to furnish forth a one-act skit that might enliven the stage for a quarter

of an hour; but, when the project is protracted through a four-act play, it becomes unconscionably dull and soporific. An amusing situation has been sunk beneath seas of verbiage; and the same satiric quips are repeated half a dozen times throughout the slow and leisurely procession of the dialogue.

A young man falls in love at first sight with a woman only twenty-eight years old, and she returns his love with equal spontaneity. He asks her to marry him; and it takes her a whole act to tell him the simple but unsuspected news that she is not a maiden, but a widow. Her suitor is a little jolted by this information. Thereafter, it takes the heroine another act to tell him that she has already buried not only one husband, but two. Thereupon her suitor succumbs to a nervous frenzy which is further irritated when the mother of her second husband and the father of her first appear simultaneously on the scene and assert their authority as relatives-in-law of the prospective bride. To solve the situation, the heroine suggests that she and her suitor should live together as free lovers in order that he may be shielded from the social shame of assuming in public the odium of appearing as her third husband. This suggestion, in the present version of the piece, the hero indignantly refuses; but, at this point, a reviewer unacquainted with the Italian text is tempted to assume that Mr. Fernald has altered the original. The heroine's proposed solution of the deadlock, though unconventional, is philosophical and witty; but the hero's rejoinder sounds insincere and Puritanical. The author of "The Cat and the Cherub" is, as everybody knows, a born American; but he has lived for a long time in England. Can it be that his liveliness of wit has been perverted by the traditional respectability of His Majesty's Censor of Plays?

This over-worded comedy has been produced by John D. Williams. The acting, in the main, is adequate; and the leading part of the much-married heroine is played by Martha Hedman.

"DARK ROSALEEN"

"DARK ROSALEEN," which was written by W. D. Hepenstall and Whitford Kane and was produced by David Belasco, makes a mixed impression on the mind of the critical observer. Much of it is simple and sincere, but the rest is artificial and mechanical. Some passages are sweet with the aroma of life, and other passages merely smell of the theatre. It is as if a modern folk-play by one of that great group of authors which, under the motherly guidance of Lady Gregory, has made the voice of Ireland sing out clear and true and strong in the concerted theatre of the world, had been tampered with and tuned to the taste of the American public by some Broadway craftsman of a bygone period—like the late Charles Klein, for instance.

The story of the play is so conventional that it may be summarized most briefly in conventional terms. Two public houses glare and glower at each other across the central road of a little Irish village. One of these is conducted by an Ulster-man named Capulet; the other is conducted by a Leinster-man named Montague. Montague and Capulet naturally hate each other, because Capulet is a Protestant and an Orangeman and Montague is a Romanist and a Wearer of the Green. But Capulet has a lovely daughter, named Juliet, and Montague has a dreaming son, named Romeo; and these poetical

(Continued on page 96)



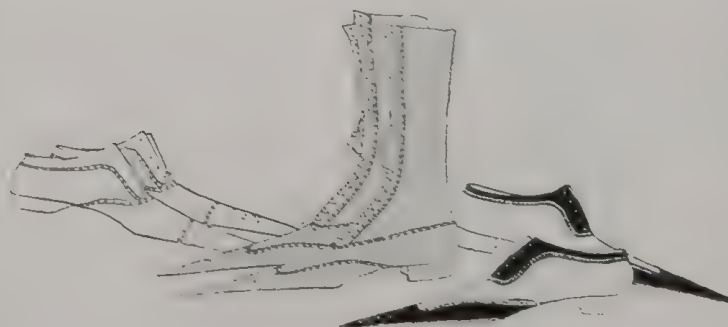
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SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 95)



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young people ardently love each other.

This conventional summary must now be shifted to another key; for the family affairs of the Capulets are complicated by a mortgage on their dear old home, and the family affairs of the Montagues are complicated by an enigmatic will that was left by Romeo's grandfather, and these two plots, though traditional enough, were not employed by Shakspeare. These two trains of narrative are tied together by the fact that the lawyer who drew the crazy will that embarrasses the Montagues and who threatens the Capulets with foreclosure of the mortgage, is a plague to both their houses because he is an Englishman and therefore a villain.

The only way in which Juliet can lift the mortgage on her father's farm—or, rather, public house—is to win a lot of money on a horse-race. Therefore, she enters her beloved mare, Dark Rosaleen, and bets upon this petted animal at one to twenty. Just before the race is to be run, Juliet's hired jockey is bought off by the wicked lawyer. But Romeo rushes to the rescue. Although he has never ridden in a race before, he leaps into the saddle, gallops off to the track, and wins the competition by ten lengths. Juliet collects her winnings and lifts the mortgage on her father's farm; and the fact that this good fortune has resulted directly from Romeo's sudden and unexpected prowess as a jockey is sufficient to bring about a reconciliation between the elder Capulet and the elder Montague. The two old enemies buy drinks for each other; their two romantic children get married and live happily forever after; and the audience is assured that the long feud between the Protestants and the Catholics of Ireland may easily be settled by the winning of a horse-race.

All this, of course, is nonsense; and it is none the less nonsensical because it has been peddled successfully to the theatregoing public throughout so many years. Mr. Belasco merely emphasizes the absurdity by stressing all of the traditional theatrical devices that are known to be the surest and the safest for calling forth applause.

Yet, every now and then, for three or four minutes at a stretch, the text becomes rich and true and mellow and sincere; it becomes, in other words, as real and honest as the acting of Whitford Kane, who is one of the authors of the play. It seems impossible to explain this paradox except upon the theory that the text has been tampered with,—that Mr. Kane and his collaborator are responsible for those passages of characterization which are sufficiently fine to remind the critical observer of the immortal Synge himself and that some one else must be responsible for those other passages of mere theatric flub-dub which are apparently intended by Mr. Belasco to make the piece popular with our public.

"Dark Rosaleen" is cleverly cast and admirably acted. The staging has been

done in the Belasco manner, which, of course, is opposed diametrically to the method of the Abbey Theatre Players, who gave us the great gift of "The Playboy of the Western World."

The present text is sprinkled with "patriotic" sentiments which evoke applause and cheers from the patrons of the gallery. These shouts of approval are uttered by the same people who, not so many years ago, hurled vegetables at the actresses and actors of the Irish National Theatre Society—an organization of artists fathered by William Butler Yeats and mothered by Lady Gregory—when the Abbey Theatre Players first presented in New York the masterpiece of modern Irish literature. It must harrow the soul of any manager so sensitive as Mr. Belasco to hear vociferous applause from the same public that threw cabbages at the Irish actresses who uttered the immortal eloquence of John Millington Synge when that great God-gifted eagle soul first fluttered down his pinions and descended to Broadway.

"OUR PLEASANT SINS"

"OUR PLEASANT SINS," by Thomas Broadhurst, is a sincere and worthy play, and it is excellently acted; but the theme is hackneyed, and much of the dialogue is written in the stilted and rhetorical manner of twenty years ago. In some respects, the piece seems less like a new play than like an old play revived.

There are only four characters,—the wife, played by Pauline Lord, the husband, played by Forrest Winant, his sister, played by Henrietta Crossman, and the friend, played by Vincent Serano.

After five years of domestic calm, the husband is unfaithful to his wife. When she discovers his entanglement with another woman, her heart is broken; and her grief is made more tragic, shortly afterward, when her baby dies. The husband, suffering in estrangement, urges his friend to call upon his wife in order to keep her from brooding on her miseries. This friend, who is even more a stock figure than the other characters, is the traditional devil among women. He takes advantage of the wife's state of hysterical emotion to make love to her and all but persuades her to elope with him to Bermuda. At the last moment she successfully resists temptation and sends him away. Then, when her husband comes to implore her for forgiveness, she realizes how near she has come to committing the same sin of which he has been guilty, and takes him back.

All this, of course, is traditional and trite; but such situations frequently occur in life, as well as in the theatre, and Mr. Broadhurst has planned his play sincerely with an eye on life itself. Miss Lord and Mr. Winant contribute performances that are worthy of exceptional praise. These artists induce at many moments the rare illusion of absolute reality on the stage.



AMERICA CONTRIBUTES JEWELS

(Continued from page 84)

the contrary, a subtle effect of these conditions is markedly observable, and never before have the fashions in jewelry had so distinct and American a character. Even with the importations of stones only one-tenth of what they are in normal times, for the ravages of influenza have extended even to causing the shutting down of many mines in South Africa, with platinum scarce because of the cutting off of the supply from Russian sources, with scarcity of labour and consequent high wages, there is still a definite fashion—a tremendous demand. Jewellery is flourishing in an almost unprecedented way, and, notwithstanding the limitation of importations, there are more stones and metals in America at present than anywhere else in the world.

As for the type of jewels that comprise this fashion, the war has created a melting-pot into which all the jewellery of the past two or three years is thrown. As the dross is melted away, there arises from this cauldron the very best that has been created—the highest in point of art, the most skilful from the viewpoint of workmanship, the most expensive in materials. It is a sort of standardized jewellery from which all freakishness has been eliminated. One single feature characterizes the output. It is a new version of simplicity. Chaste in design, rich and handsome in effect, this jewellery, following the old outlines and treatment, is new only in the application of a simple theme and in the urgent demand it meets. Indeed, so pressing is the call, that the manufacturers are overwhelmed with stacked-up orders. They are working at top speed, for with homecoming soldiers and war workers and a return to normal life, there is a profusion of gift-giving and an inclination to pre-war attention to all the details of fashion.

THE HERALD OF THE NEW

With all this conservatism in jewelry, however, there is a definite advance being carved out. It clearly illustrates the progress of good taste in the insistence upon only the best in design and workmanship. The most costly diamonds, selling sometimes for two thousand two hundred dollars a karat, are the ones in demand, and the larger stones have the greatest call. Unusual cuttings,—the emerald, or square cut, the triangular shape, and the navette, or the pointed oval cut, are preferred.

But, as in all accessories of fashion, a woman yearns for the touch of originality that shall set apart her jewels, as well as her costume. To her fastidious requirements, the exclusive jeweller has already begun to cater. With the bulk of his output still meeting the big demand that is urging him on every hand, he has also set the wheels of invention in motion and is launching a few unique pieces.

The new mesh bag, for example, illustrates a point of art that gives emphasis to the novelty and beauty of this accessory. In the creation of this bag shown on page 73, it was the purpose of the designer to place the subject of greatest interest where it belongs—in the centre of the picture.

Thus, the bag is so fashioned that its chief decoration, which comprises the ornamental bar, clasp, and tassel, is placed midway between the top and the lower extremity of the bag. Besides the advantage in the attractiveness thus attained by truth to art, this feature also makes a wide convenient opening, which, of course, is most desirable in a mesh bag. Here the rounding outline of the bar contributes largely to this convenience.

Another bag novelty has a stiff handle rising high above the mesh portion. In the space thus created between the bag proper and the top of the handle, swings a richly engraved vanity case. Still another type has a mounting on Gothic lines, with a watch placed at the apex of the bar instead of in the centre of the bag.

RINGS AND BAR PINS

Beside these mesh bags, which with vanity cases, hold a prominent position among the articles of first choice at present, rings are sought with equal favour. For there is no dearth of engagements and weddings in these days of returning soldiers, and whether the rings serve a definite purpose or not, a single type is heading the list.

This style of ring is the solitaire stone—usually a diamond, or it may be a sapphire or an emerald. But the one important stone must be emerald cut or navette, or, if round, the fine diamond-work that surrounds it must be distinctive, dainty, simple, throwing up the lights of the stone and yet softening the setting.

There seems also to be a renewed liking for the fancy bar pin. Usually wrought in small diamonds with the greatly desired gleam cast from one or more large stones, it measures from two to three inches in length.

As for bracelets, those made of diamonds, containing oddly cut stones in contrasting colours, such as the one displayed on this page, hold marked favour. Square, round, triangular and diamond-shaped emeralds, rare and costly, give richness and exclusiveness to this beautiful piece of jewellery.

SIMPLICITY IN NECKLACES

With the revival of elaborate evening gowns, necklaces of striking simplicity have been in evidence. One of alternating navette and small round diamonds is particularly charming. Sometimes several strands of diamonds adorn the neck. Again, a square pendant of Oriental design, or its opposite—a small simple motif expressed in tiniest stones—is the centre of interest. In all of these a chain of greater length is being used.

Pearl strands, also, are longer than formerly, measuring from eighteen to twenty-five inches. Pearls, by the way, are eagerly purchased these days, and there is a decided vogue for the imitations, of which a new one has recently been produced. Few of the real gems, however, reach this country from the stacks piled up in India awaiting shipment but, notwithstanding the immense prices, there is a welcome for every pearl that comes here.

(Continued on page 98)

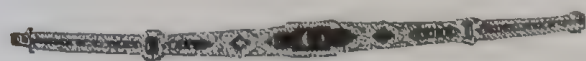
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Fashioned from those imperial stones, diamonds and emeralds, this bracelet is further made lovely by combining emeralds which are cut square, triangular, octagonal, round, and diamond shaped

AMERICA CONTRIBUTES JEWELS

(Continued from page 97)

But to return to the unusual in jewelled art, one greets with interest the appearance of a new little-finger ring. Rings for the little finger are nothing if not unique. Therein really lies their *raison d'être*. Those for the other fingers may be handsome, brilliant, elaborate, but the one that graces the little finger must have an original touch all its own, a bizarre effect that gives character and distinction.

RINGS FOR THE LITTLE FINGER

What could answer the purpose better than the rare colour combinations in the two rings shown on page 73? The secret of their unique charm is the conjunction of green onyx and the finer gems and metals. One, for instance, bears across the circular band of tiny diamonds that surrounds the central sapphire, two triangles of green onyx. Branching off on the sides and extending on the ring band are repetitions of this stone, calibre cut. The ring itself is of green gold, but the diamonds are set in platinum and, as if to suggest the blue of the sapphire centre, a touch of blue enamel decorates the sides of the shank of the ring. Thus in a single ring are combined green gold, platinum, diamonds, sapphire, green onyx, and blue enamel.

The second ring holds a deep Siberian amethyst of octagonal outline as the stone of chief importance in the ring of gold. A dash of green onyx, a flash of diamonds, a touch of white enamel, the purple gleam of the amethyst—a unique and lovely combination.

LORNGONS LIKE DAINTY PENDANTS

And still we find in the quick transition from war jewellery to peace jewellery, a practical drift. It is interesting to observe this in the plain little lorgnons of green gold. Of strictest simplicity, these diminutive affairs, which are worn on a black ribbon, open to resemble a bow-knot having either square, rounded, or irregular loops. When closed they are inconspicuous pendants of gold-trimmed crystal.

It is this dainty pendant effect that is best liked. When a lorgnon is made

of platinum and diamonds, as is the smaller one on page 73, the frosted design surrounding the oddly-shaped lenses is simple and exquisite. And when a more elaborate type is desired, nothing could be more beautiful than the handsome lorgnon shown on page 73, with a triangular sapphire at its heart giving it great distinction. The chain, consisting of alternating groups of three stones each, shows the wonderful possibilities of metal, since the diamonds of one of the groups are so set as to appear like an elongated oval stone. As is consistent with the prevailing fashion, this chain is long and graceful.

NEW ADAPTATION OF DESIGN

There is a whisper of other lorgnons to come, and these, with vanity cases, bars for mesh bags, and even dress sets for men, are to display an entirely new adaptation of design. It is further said that the same motifs will later be applied to pieces of fine diamond-work.

It is the idea of the originator of this treatment to apply the designs of the Adam period to these various forms of jewellery, and thus far he has been most successful. He has found that these simple but graceful and dignified themes lend themselves charmingly to this purpose. They are more delicate than those of the Louis XVI period and are amenable to certain changes with delightful effect. In the tiny vanity case illustrated on page 73, the original from which the design is taken has a cream ground with a soft blue figure like that of Wedgwood in the slender central oval. The designer has substituted a rich royal blue ground, omitting the figure entirely and, in its stead, leaving a plain space of the green gold for the monogram. The white enamelled design encircling the oval sets it off to advantage, and the urn and garlands (in tulip design instead of roses) are in green gold. A finishing stroke of art is shown in the chain which is made of links of alternating green gold and royal blue enamel. It will be noticed, also, that this vanity case echoes the tendency to diminutive size. The oval and octagonal vanities of similar decoration are equally small.



AS THE moonlight turns the fountain's spray to silver, so does the lustrous beauty of Goetz* All Silk Satin lend bewitching charm to its wearer.

No matter what the occasion—country-club, matinee or dance—a Goetz sport costume, street frock or evening gown will be attractively suitable. Goetz All Silk Satin comes in all the smartest street shades; and in the more delicate tones of pink, blue, orchid, maize, rose, sunbeam and others just as exquisite, for evening wear.

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* "Gets"

GOETZ SILK MFG. COMPANY
NEW YORK

THE FLIRT

*Oh, was it once in Camelot
When stars were gold and flowers were red,
I made the vows that I forgot
As soon as they were said?*

*To-day your scornful laughter woke
My careless heart to dumb surprise;
—And somebody whose heart I broke
Mocked at me with your eyes.*

VIRGINIA BIDDLE.

AFTER-WAR WAYS TO "CARRY-ON"

(Continued from page 67)

and sailors, they will be no less homeless, no less lonely. Many of them who are settling in strange cities to work, will feel as heart-sick as in the days when they put into port, strangers for the first time in a big city. They will need a clean decent place to go where there are friendly interested faces—not the professionally paid woman whose brisk tones are courteous but too businesslike. That these men feel the need of such a place as the clubs have been, has been proved by them a hundred times over. An unhappy boy, who had sat forlorn and unapproachable in a corner during a whole evening, was finally approached by one of the women. "You don't seem very happy here, son," she said. "No, 'm'm," he answered. And after a bit, he poured out his whole pitiful story. "How did you happen to come here?" the worker asked a little curiously. "A fellow told me it was a white place," he said simply. There are and will be hundreds of boys who want a "white" place to go to—a place where they can be decent and comfortable and understood. Many a man has taken the bad things because they were so much easier to get than the clean ones and because of a desperate loneliness and downheartedness that no one cared enough about to help him to forget.

A MEMORIAL CLUB

The very first social club for Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines in the United States was established at 261 Madison Avenue. Here service men from many lands and many far-away cities have been made welcome with a genuine friendliness that has turned sad eyes to gay ones and made lonely hearts glad once more. The men, many of whom are civilians now, still come night after night to dance or tell their interests and troubles to long-tried and interested ears. Afternoons find laughing groups about the dainty tea-table where silver gleams amid thin china and tempting cakes with all the comfortable cheer of home. These men are scattering and will scatter their many different ways, but they want to preserve the club that has grown to mean so much to them. They want to feel that, whenever they are in or near New York, they can come to a place where there is a woman's smile to greet them, where there are sure to be pals, and where the food and the beds are clean. Through their eager initiative, this club is being transformed into a Memorial Club, a club for ex-service men, and perhaps the most gratifying feature about it is the fact that they want the new club to be, as it now is, part of the National League.

PERMANENT SOCIAL CLUBS

This is but one instance of the feeling and desire for continuing the social club. The League plans to keep the largest of its clubs in all cities or states, as the need may be, as a permanent club of this sort. New clubs also will be started in factory and industrial towns, where men and girls may have wholesome clean amusement. Already such clubs are springing up under League guardianship. These clubs will have small membership fees to keep them running, and donations of money will be used only for emergency cases. In Herkimer county a girls' club for business women has sprung up already under the League, and the interest of the girls in this adventure is almost pathetic in its eagerness. The details of organization in all these clubs will be developed with their growth.

The Canteen Service has also splendid ideas for permanence which are

perhaps less defined than the plan of action for the social clubs. The Industrial Canteen offers an important future for the services of the woman volunteer. At Ilion, N. Y., the League established such a canteen for the women workers at the Remington Arms. This canteen comprised a kitchen, a rest-room, and a dining-room where the tired workers could get clean appetizing food at a minimum price. The canteen was heartily welcomed by the officers of the company who realized that it filled a long-felt and vital want. Although the closing of the war caused the Remington Arms to reduce its forces greatly, the canteen was so successful that it will be continued to meet the demands of the normal working force.

ANSWERING EMERGENCY CALLS

Trained volunteer women who have been connected with canteens will be registered and ready for emergency calls such as arose during the time of the influenza epidemic. At that time, from Menlo Park, California, to Athens, Georgia, and Jamaica, Long Island, the canteens were invaluable to suffering districts. In many cases soup kitchens were swiftly set up and expertly managed to furnish thousands of gallons to crippled families and overworked hospitals. The canteens will also be useful during strikes and, through prompt efficient service, may do much to prevent food riots.

The Motor Corps, which has been chiefly occupied with the transportation of the sick and wounded, has already found its work to lead by many subtle ways into work that is as necessary now as it ever has been. During the strike of ambulance drivers at the New York Hospital, the Motor Corps came efficiently to the hospital's aid in a way that saved many lives. The recent epidemic was another emergency that proved the necessity for the continuance of this organized trained service. A street-car strike, a horrible train accident, and an explosion gave further opportunities for swift much-needed civilian service.

THE MOTOR AMBULANCE CORPS

Even in the smooth and regular movement of every-day life there are convalescents to be aired and special patients to be carried from one place to another. The Motor Ambulance Corps at Jamaica found occasion to help the paralytic children and sick babies who, although they were in tragic need of attention, had no means of getting to and from the hospital. The Motor Corps has done an inconspicuous but wonderful work in carrying these poor little mites back and forth to the busy hospital for examination and regular treatment.

These children come from the most terrible of home conditions where drunkenness, brutality, dirt, and discomfort combine with their helplessness to make life horrible. The splendid cures that are being effected through the aid of the Motor Corps are going to make self-supporting citizens of many distorted and useless little people. Children who have been unable to walk without crutches and pain, have, after a one month's treatment, been able to go up and down stairs alone and without crutches. After taking the children to and from the hospital, these women keep them in mind and follow them up with necessary aid.

Also connected with the hospital work is the distribution of flowers and jellies among the sick by women of

(Continued on page 100)



YOUR selection of wash skirts as the smartest and most charming attire for summer wear, can be made with the utmost confidence that they will wash without shrinking.

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NEVRSRINK
Guaranteed Wash Skirts

AFTER-WAR WAYS TO "CARRY ON"

(Continued from page 99)

the League. Through the help of the Florists' Association, thousands of delicate and bright flowers have been laid upon white bedspreads or put into feeble hands. If a single red rose can cause a cry of pleasure and a word or two to fall from the lips of a shell-shocked man who had been silent and apathetic since his arrival at the hospital, why couldn't the same joy be brought to the well mind but the ill body of some other man? The women of the League think that it could, and they are going on with this delicate doctoring if they can keep the cooperation of the florists.

OCCUPATIONS FOR THE MAIMED

Until "the poor blind soldier" claimed heartfelt sympathy for his fumbling steps and his idle useless hands, women did not realize the large percentage of blind in our country. What occupational therapy has done for the sightless soldier it can do for the little child who has never seen or the tragic man to whom blindness came suddenly and cruelly through accident. The blind can, through these trained volunteer women, be taught occupations and professions that will make them self-supporting men and women and that may save them from long lives spent within the cold impersonality of an institution—or even worse, the more than pitiable existence eked out by selling small wares on street-corners. The military hospitals have proved that bedside and ward occupations are important curative agents to men suffering from nervous or mental shocks. The demand by civil hospitals for volunteers in this service is becoming increasingly great. Courses will be offered by the League to train volunteers in this work of brightening the days of convalescence, of preventing serious developments in nervous and mental cases, and in teaching professions to the defective and delinquent or educating them.

Another work that the League plans to continue most earnestly is one that has proved unexpectedly far reaching in its results; that is the work of volunteer aids or clinical secretaries. Through the clinical secretary nearly every branch of the League may be drawn into service, for these women become involved in a hundred sad little histories that in one way or another may be made less sad by the women of the League.

These clinical secretaries are trained in the hospitals, and their serious, tactful, and reliable service does not overlap the professional service of nurse and doctor in any way. During the terrible spread of the influenza epidemic, they first came to the aid of the nurses and since then have been installed in the clinics and dispensaries

to do the hundred and one little things that busy nurses and busier doctors can not possibly find time to attend to. They look up each patient's history, thus transforming him at once from a "case" into a person with a distinct individuality. They undress and dress the babies and become expert in handling the technical side of cases and in rendering help in the laboratories.

Dr. Edgar S. White is very warm in his praise of the aid, who has already created a definite place for herself. This doctor says that he has had access to more facts in the history of his cases and has handled four times as many patients since he has had the valuable assistance of his aid.

The aid investigates the many cases pouring into the clinics every day and with the help of doctor and League tries her best to give each one a fair chance, for though many may be diagnosed and prescribed for, there are also many who can in no way follow out the prescription. One forlorn man who wandered meekly into the clinic had his case diagnosed as digestive trouble, and his prescription recommended eggs, broth, chicken, toast, and such light things for a diet. This man was discovered by the aid to have been starving for nearly three days. A slender hollow-cheeked girl who was told that her lungs were very sadly in need of fresh sun-filled air and long quiet days in the country would have had to drag her weary life away in a stuffy city room because "a complete rest" was not to be included in life on a few dollars a week. Through the aids such cases are reported to the League and the necessary relief obtained.

WHY THEY "CARRY ON"

These examples of work that the League is planning to undertake make it possible to understand that there is a future before it as great as its past. There are other organizations to meet the problems of civil life, but national life and ideals do not rest upon a few individuals nor yet upon a few selected and elected groups. Rather do they depend upon all the people who enjoy the protection and the opportunities of this country. The fearful gaps in the social, educational, economic, industrial, civic, and spiritual life of the country are due to the fact that the great mass of individuals have not faced their own particular responsibilities, either because of ignorance, lack of desire, indifference, selfishness, or lack of moral courage. The women of the National League are no longer indifferent. They are awake to their responsibilities and opportunities to make their country a happier, a cleaner, and a more spiritual place to live in. They are going to "carry on."



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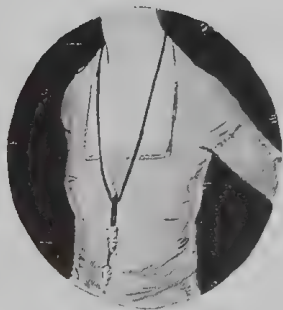
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The Duchess de Gramont does original things to even her jewels, as a smart necklace of black cord ending in tassels of brilliants and sapphire proves on many occasions

The ACTIVE MINDS and FEET of PARIS

(Continued from page 44)

spring, confided to me that her kitchen alone has cost her ten thousand francs, aside from the linen, of course. It is such conditions as this that fill the department stores and the smaller specialty shops with women of fashion.

As for renting conditions, they are beyond words. Apartments are literally not to be found; the few that are available rent at unspeakable prices, and where to go, how to acquire a roof above one's head has become a burning question. When I consider this situation, I admire, as they deserve, those beautiful homes in which every article is a treasure in a perfect frame. What would they cost at the present time? It is unbelievable, the price which is now asked for the simplest piece of antique furniture. Eight thousand, ten thousand francs is the price of an ordinary little table such as, before the war, we would have considered dear at a thousand or fifteen hundred francs.

Sometimes I have asked one of these dealers whether he sold many pieces in a day at such a price, and the reply, given with more than a touch of scorn, is, "These tables are not difficult to sell, Madame; it is only when you come to the pieces at a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand francs that there is any difficulty."

I ask no more at that point; safety lies in flight. I return to my motor lost in thought, considering the many marriages which are taking place at present, wondering how the new homes are ever furnished.

One of the novelties which I have seen at recent gatherings is the fringed blouse of silk tricot worn with a skirt of matching silk—less effective, I think, than with a skirt of the tricot.

THE NEW WAYS OF JEWELS

In the simple costumes which are in favour to-day, it is colour which gives distinction, and an original jewelled ornament is indispensable. The prettiest which I have seen recently, and one which has not yet become commonplace, was worn by the Duchess de Gramont with a very simple costume. It consisted of a narrow black cord on which were hung two great tassels of brilliants which served as mounting for a cabochon sapphire.

The Duchess de Gramont, a remarkably beautiful woman, has many charming ways of wearing her jewels. With a frock which is flat and cut rather high at the neck, for example, she wears a pendant arranged in novel fashion. A little opening, like a round buttonhole, is made just in the middle of the front, and through this emerges a sort of long pendant made of a cabochon sapphire and five diamonds of graduated size, the smallest at the bottom. Here is ingenuity and philanthropy at the same time, since it is this constant change which keeps in motion the wheels of the commerce of luxuries. Tassels of small pearls surmounted by a cabochon amethyst are now often

worn in preference to the strings of pearls which have grown commonplace through imitation.

In company with jewels, flowers have resumed their place in the life of the woman of fashion. Whole branches of flowering shrubs are set in the bowls formerly reserved for goldfish; it is more delightful than a vase of flowers. Cut flowers are placed in wide vases of white pottery or of delicately coloured glass, such as that of Venice, glass in which the colour is veiled, as it were; a poetic arrangement is this, which harmonizes well with the present greyed tones of our apartments.

In one of these apartments which is greatly admired at present, that of Monsieur de Gandarillas, his cousin, the Countess de Roche, recently gave a supper preceded by a dance. As is usual in this hospitable and exquisite setting, it was a scene the gaiety of which was equalled only by the distinction of the guests. Among these guests was the Countess de Lubersac, in a black satin gown of Second Empire lines, immensely becoming to her calm and smiling grace. The Duchess de Gramont came surrounded by a body-guard of the best dancers. She was a delight to the eyes in a costume of copper red tulle. The bodice consisted of a band of silver cloth at the bottom of which was a garland of roses in brown satin to match her stockings and cothurns. Very graceful was her way of wearing her tulle scarf. Not very long, this scarf was attached to the bodice in the back, and as she held the ends in her hand as she danced, she appeared to be holding her partner by fairy nets of tulle, an effect especially delightful in the dances of a slow Oriental rhythm.

The beautiful Countess de La Béraudière wore a gown of old-red satin banded with uncurled ostrich of the same colour. A great rope of pearls came down and was knotted on the left hip. The Viscountess de Sainte-Croix was charming in a mauve version of the petal frock of which I have spoken. The costume of the Countess de Roche was all of black jet and pearls, sleeveless and cut rather high in the front.

Very delicate and unusual in the frame of her abundant hair was the face of Madame Nagelmackers as she danced with graceful languour, and her clinging black gown was adorned with a panel of "poison green" plumes starting from the waist and undulating gracefully in the dance. The Countess of Drogheda, so different in silhouette from the Frenchwomen around her, glided past in the dance, her train thrown in careless grace over her arm.

There seems at present no definite edict in the matter of gloves. Some women dance in long suede gloves; others never wear gloves at all, which is a pity, for the glove always adds a note of distinction, even though it tends to conceal the beauty of the arm.

Supper was served at midnight, as

(Continued on page 102)

Thurn

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for
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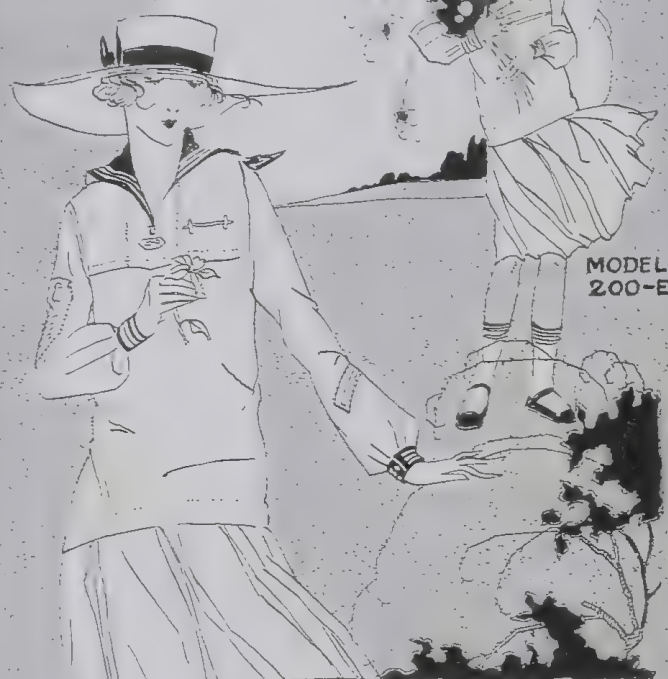
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Tailored MIDDY SUITS and BLOUSES



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The REGULATION TAILORED MIDDY SUITS and BLOUSES

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Materials that staunchly endure wear and launderings; colorings of warranted steadfastness adopted for their *staying* qualities.

Needlework as faultlessly good as that of your most favored seamstress or tailor—stars, crowfeet and closings on yokes and sleeves are all hand-embroidered.

Embellishments of naval insignia absolutely right, even to the minutest hand-worked embroidery.

FAVORED for all 'round service—adopted by some of the foremost girls' schools in the land for smartness and adaptability—equally practical for Outing and Sportswear.

Offered by the foremost dealers—we'll name nearest store, on request.
"Miss Saratoga" Style Plates free for the asking.

Model 904—Full regulation Blouse. Best quality Jean, all wool serge collars and cuffs. Sizes: 6 to 14 years. Also made in misses sizes, 14 to 22 years.

Model 902—Same as above, but all white Jean.

Model 200 E—Another Full Regulation "Little Sister" Suit. Of Finest Mercerized Poplin, in white, cream, pink, rose, blue, brown, navy. Also appearing in Linen, Gabardine and Linen Finish Suitings. Pleated skirt on body. Sizes: 6 to 14 years. Also for Misses, 14 to 22 years—
—with full pleated skirt.

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The Makers

"Miss Saratoga" Tailored Middy Suits and Blouses
BALTIMORE, Maryland



Peter A. Juley

The charm of "Evelyn" lies in the fact that her painter, Martin Mower, has skilfully adapted technique and arrangement to the simplicity suited to the portrait of a child

A

R

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(Continued from page 77)

eration, among them such noted Americans as Whistler and Winslow Homer.

Among the best-known as well as the most nearly beautiful of Courbet's works is "The Woman with the Parrot," which has long been on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is one of the very few of this painter's nudes which possess positive grace of line and pose. The sober truth with which he painted portraits is evidenced in the portrait of Louise Colet, while "The Village Girls" embodies his characteristic treatment of landscape—a block cut from nature with but little concern for central line or interest.

At the Ehrich galleries during April was a collection of twenty-five works by Martin Mower, a painter new to the New York public, though his work has long been known to certain discerning collectors. Here is an artist who stands at the opposite end of the

scale from Courbet. His vision is the vision of the poet and his fidelity is not to the superficial appearance of the thing he paints, but to its essential nature. For the literal definiteness of Courbet, he substitutes the spontaneous, almost impressionist quality of such works as Whistler's "Cremorne Gardens," but his colour is not at all the colour of Whistler; it is clear and high in key, brilliant but always harmonious. The paintings cover a wide range of subject,—portrait, landscape, child study, and finely decorative flower panel—and always there is a subtle and delightful adaptation of colour and technique to the subject in hand. Exceptionally interesting canvases are these, sensitive, straightforward, and individual, and of a quality which leads one to hope that the work of this artist may be seen in New York more frequently in the future.

The ACTIVE MINDS and FEET of PARIS

(Continued from page 101)

usual, though the dances continued until a much later hour. And suppers at this house have always an Arabian Nights' air, with the beautiful antique tables spread with every sort of dainty.

On the subject of the coiffure, the fashionable world seems united. Almost every woman wears a profusion of curls coming forward to the middle of the cheek. Sometimes a bandeau puffs the hair a little at the top of the head; again, the hair is brushed very flat on the top of the head and all the importance is given to side puffs.

This fashion of concealing the ears beneath puffs of curls comes without doubt from our close hats. What but "beaux catchers" could give charm to the little hat of embroidered marine blue straw which Lanvin has just launched. With the morning tailored costume, made for walking, this is the prettiest thing imaginable, the one whimsical note in a sober costume.

The Princess Flora, all in black, has worn of late a very original cape. The Baroness Napoléon Gourgaud, in mourning for her father-in-law, was present at a reception to a well-known artist recently. Her hat of black straw,

worn very low on her head, was trimmed with sprays of jet beads, some of which fell even over her eyes. Her jacket of black velvet was also embroidered in fine steel beads and fastened with a steel clasp.

Although I do not like the uncurled feathers set like fountain sprays on hats, I own the becomingness of that worn by Madame Godebske-Edwards on a brown straw toque. Veils seem to be disappearing from among our essential accessories, except for the long veils falling in the back.

Madame Myriam Harry, the well-known writer of Oriental tales, appeared recently at a matinée given by the daughter of Alphonse Daudet, wearing a rather entertaining costume, æsthetic, no doubt (that type has at present its attraction for us), but so pleasantly harmonious that I am going to describe it. It was made of dull pearl grey crêpe, gown, hat, and long veil. Such a costume would be suitable for a widow, though not for deep mourning, since it is in grey. A thread of silver accented the borders of veil and tunic, giving a suggestion of weight.

J. R. F.

(Continued from page 64)

With a gown of extreme décolleté, this is one of the greatest novelties.

Again, when the shoulder is bare and the arm is bare, also, after the present fashion, Clarisse, if of a prudent frame of mind, may find means to soften this excessive bareness in a spiral curl of peacock's feathers which forms three bracelets at the wrist and coils up the arm to spread out again toward the shoulder. Sybille, on the other hand, whose arm is as lovely as that of the Diana of the Scallop-shell, will content herself with a simple bracelet of ostrich-feathers, emerald green or ruby red according to the gown with which they are worn. These plumes are mounted on a string of pearls which are in themselves jewels of price.

Since we no longer have any bodice or have so little that it hardly counts, the mode naturally demands abundant ornaments for the neck and yet more abundant ornaments for the head, a charming anomaly which can in no way surprise us. The pretty ears of fair-haired Sylvie have heard this note of the mode, and she wears a collar closely resembling that of her bulldog, "Sagua," a collar all bristling with fine plumes which rise to frame her pretty face.

These plumes are mounted on a band of pearls, jet, and strass finely wrought. With this collar, the blond Sylvie wears three of the most delicately fine aigrettes held in her hair by an invisible thread of gold. The colour of these plumes on head and neck, she varies at will, and with all-white or all-black costumes, she chooses plumes of the brilliant colours of Oriental jewels.

The brown-eyed Sabine, who has the maddest sort of hair, cut short and apparently never dressed (a subtle and alluring art), wears a necklace of jade green ostrich-feathers which she attaches to a string of diamonds. Very short, closely curled, and slanting in different directions, these plumes outline an oval face which would have delighted Praxiteles.

Finally, what words are adequate for the "fountain spray" with which Olympie graces her pretty head? The most unexpected coiffure in all the world of fashion is this. Long plumes of glycerine ostrich, held in the front by an almost invisible gold cord, rise to unbelievable heights. For dinner or the Opéra, it is the most sensational of modern sensational coiffures.

J. R. F.

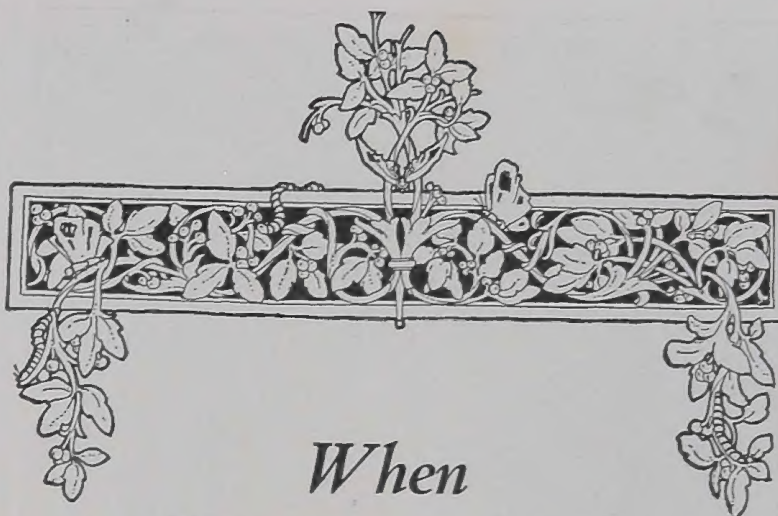
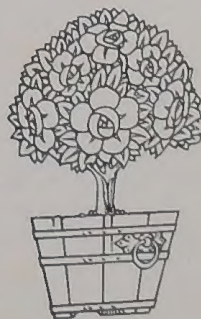
Revery in a Bunker

A Golfing Dirge by GRANTLAND RICE

OF T had I dreamed, in my office musty,
Of shots that whirled from my driver keen;
Of brassie swipes where the blow was lusty,
Down the way of the ancient green;
Of far iron shots from the blade, clear-ringing,
Straight to the line of the guarded cup,
Where the low wind calls through the great oaks, singing,
"You've come to the home hole, fourteen up!"

AND this is the end of my golden dreaming,
Back on guard in the same old sand;
Back on guard with the niblick gleaming,
Held in the grip of my clammy hand.
And the wide, blue sky and the distant spaces,
The waving trees where the song birds flit,
The fairway's green and the open places,
Are lost to sight in this sombre pit.

THIS is the end of my rose-rimmed fancies,
Hoisting sand by the wagon load.
O! the south wind sings and the sparrow dances,
But not for me in my stark abode;
O! the sky is blue where the buds are stirring,
And the birds break forth with the song of June.
But here I wait, with the niblick whirring,
Cursing away through the afternoon.



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LALIQUE AND AN OLD ART

(Continued from page 56)

Most interesting are the possibilities of this carved glass for the making not only of ornaments, but of objects of actual use. For Lalique is concerned not merely with making beautiful things at which we may look, but with making beautiful the things which we must use. Loveliest and also most original of the uses to which he has put this glass is the making of chandeliers and other lighting fixtures. Delicately toned and richly carved glass panels make up great hanging lamps which soften the glow of direct electric lighting. Pale translucent bowls, beautifully shaped and patterned, conceal the ceiling fixtures for semi-indirect lighting, and graceful vase shapes sunk in rosewood panels make equally unexpected indirect wall-lights. For the boudoir or the daintily exquisite reception-room, caryatid figures in cloudy glass support lights dimmed by oval shades of a grey white silk, softly plaited. Most unusual of all are the semi-indirect table-lights, varying in size from tiny night lights to large lamps. All are made with a solid shade of fluted cloudy glass completely concealing the light. This shade curves upward from a round base com-

ing to a point from which symmetrical wings of glass, carved from the back with lovely designs which seem as if inlaid with silver, curve down either side to the base. The most completely successful of these lights has a design of two peacocks, the long tails of which fit admirably into the space.

Jewel-boxes and the dainty boxes essential to the dressing-table have also resulted from Lalique's interest in glass, and there are beautifully carved bottles which suggest that wonderful and unique sets for bathroom and dressing-table might be created in this glass, either clear, greyed, or toned to match the furnishings.

Another arresting use of this glass was in a set of three table ornaments of flying birds in groups of two and three in clear glass, very lightly carved. Combined with delicate flowers, these colourless and shimmering ornaments would form a variety of unusual and lovely table arrangements, especially if used on the polished table without linen after the fashion which has become very smart in Paris for the serving of the "stand-up" supper at midnight after the theatre or dancing.

The smooth hairless underarm

The smooth hair-free arm and underarm are now everywhere accepted as necessary and desirable—the décolleté gown and sheer modes with filmy sleeves have made them so.

The next question is: how best to remove unwanted hair—"best" meaning easily, quickly, comfortably.

Your answer is

Evans's Depilatory

The Evans Depilatory Outfit is complete—everything you need, all there and ready to use at your dressing-table. You just mix a little Depilatory with water, apply it where needed, then wash it off, hair and all. Apply a little cold cream if you like.

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Makers of
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1107 Chestnut St
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Encyclopaedia Vanitifaria

Collected and Compiled by HENRY WILLIAM HANEMANN

- A** BRAHAM'S BOSOM. Rockaway Beach, L. I.
 BASILISK. 1—Society woman engaged in public war charity work.
 2—Blacklisted exporter reporting at censor's office.
 BEDLAM. See United States Senate, also Russia.
 BOHEMIANS. They who wash behind screens but not behind the ears.
 BROADWAY. Street in New York City blamed for everything and deserving it.
 CECILIA, ST. A pure and innocent maiden, six or seven years old—generally six.
 CHEAPSIDE. 1—The farther end of a grandstand. 2—West of Fifth Avenue.
 DARBY AND JOAN. Weber and Fields. Also Hearst and Hylan. Also Wilson and Senate.
 DE PROFUNDIS. See Jerseycommuter.
 DIXIE. A means to divert suspicion. Employed by Wagnerian tenors.
 ELGIN MARBLES. Ball bearings in an Elgin watch.
 GODIVA, LADY. The symbol of a beautiful nude; see Wintergarden, Vanity Fair, Kaylaurel.
 HOBSON'S CHOICE. Take it or leave it; see Woodrowwilson, League of Nations.
 HOURIS. Wild Women. See Long Beach, L. I. (Sunday).
 JUGGERNAUT. 1—Fifth Avenue Bus. 2—Elderly couple performing at the Club de Vingt.
 KIT KAT CLUB, THE. Red Cross Workshop.
 LAND OF NOD. Washington, D. C.
 MARE'S NEST, TO FIND A. To go South for the Winter. See Hylan.
 MAYFLOWER. The only boat which has carried more passengers than The Leviathan.
 OSTRACISM. See Alcohol.
 PARADISE LOST. See Bartender, July 1.
 ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER. One dollar for a dry Martini. See Outrage.
 SANS CULOTTE. See Vogue, fashion department.
 TAMMANY HALL. A common place of license, crime and intrigue. Do not confuse with WEBSTER HALL.
 TOUR, THE GRAND. See Woodrowwilson, Paris to Washington, D. C., or bust.
 VENI, VIDI, VICI. Phrase coined by Julius Caesar for William Hohenzollern. Returned to Julius by William as unavailable.
 VENI, VIDI, VICHY. The war cry of the prohibitionists.
 VITUS, ST. (Also St. Vitus' Dance.) A dance invented by St. Vitus. Now called "Shaking the Shimmie."
 WANDERING JEW, THE. See Reisenweber's dance floor, (Sophie Tucker room).



*Awarded to Nurdyke & Marmon Co., Nov. 1, 1918, for
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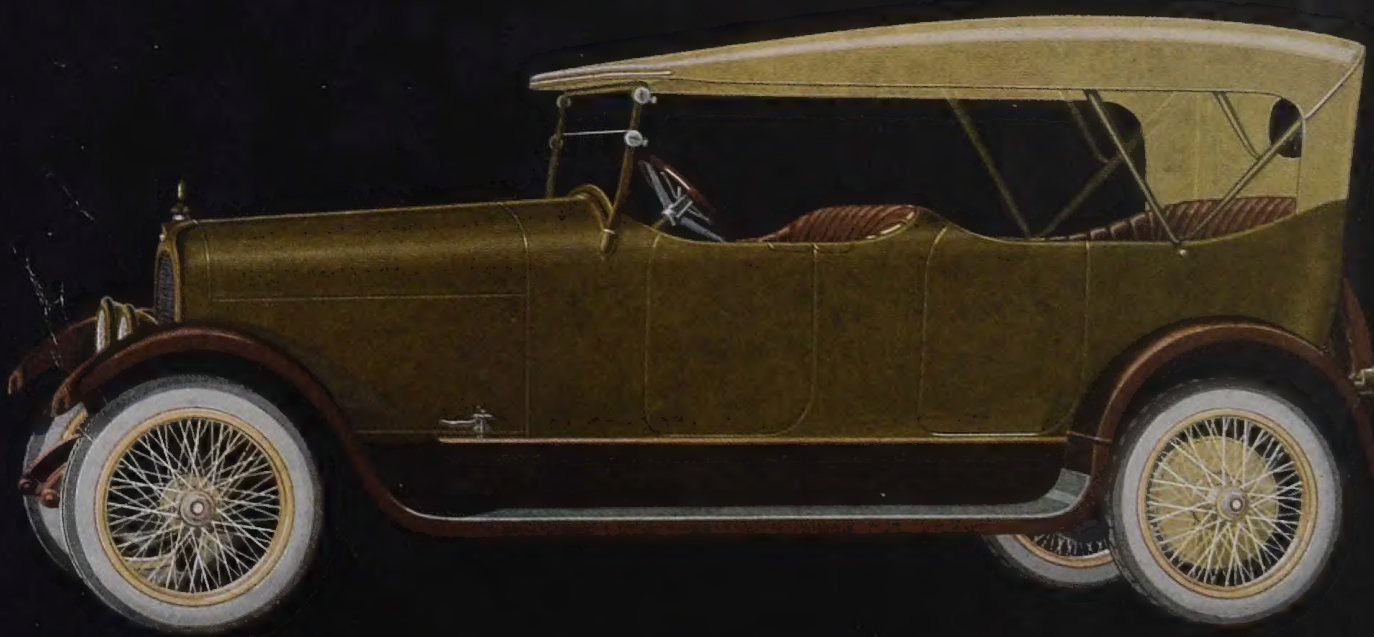
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